

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE:

“The Citizen and His Vote”

By Charles A. McMahon

A Modern Philosopher

By Louis H. Wetmore

French Graves

By John Asycough

Enid Dinnis

By Anne Burlew

With the Passionists in China

Vol. 4, No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1924 Price 20 Cents



The Passionist Prayer Book

Sixth edition 100,000. Just out.
All new plates—in new style
of binding.

This small volume is a prayer-book—containing indulged prayers and devotions, together with other prayers which have proved helpful to many.

The book furnishes chapters on the leading events of our Lord's Passion. Each chapter is preceded by a history of the event. The paragraphs which follow are intended to explain the words of the Gospel.

Sizes: $2\frac{3}{4}$ x $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches

No. 1001—American Seal
Leatherette. Red under Gold
Edges 75

No. 1002—Water Grain Leather,
Round Corners, Large Solid Gold
Emblem 1.00

No. 1003—Walrus Grain Real
Leather, Round Corners, Red
under Gold Edges 1.25

No. 1004—Calf, Padded, Red
under Gold Edges 2.00

THE SIGN

W. Hoboken, New Jersey

Holy Cross Academy Washington, D. C.

Ideal Boarding School for Girls—
Separate Department for little girls. Modernly equipped, fireproof building, beautifully and healthfully located on Dumbarton Heights, overlooking the National Capitol. Solid and refined education with the broadening influence of living in the political and social center of the United States.

Standard and Elective Courses.— Elementary, Commercial, Academic and Advanced Departments. Highest Facilities in Voice, Piano, Harp, Violin, Drawing, Painting, and Languages, Art of Expression, Physical Culture, and Home Economics. Extensive grounds offer ample space for Archery, Tennis, Basketball, and other outdoor sports. Under care of chaperones students enjoy sightseeing excursions and visits to public buildings and sessions of Congress. Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mount St. Andrew *In the Ramapo Hills*

Ridgewood, New Jersey
Vacation Rest House and Health
Resort

OPEN ALL YEAR

ADDRESS:

Sister Superior

ST. GABRIEL Passionist

By Father Camillus, C. P.

This is the latest and best life of the red-blooded boy who became a great saint.

The reading of it will furnish entertainment, edification and encouragement.

It will do much to bring St. Gabriel into his own as a miracle-worker and popular patron.

Paper-binding \$ 0.50
Cloth-binding 1.50

Order Your Copy To-day

Address:

THE SIGN

W. Hoboken, New Jersey

THE LIFE OF GEMMA GALGANI

(Born 1878. Died 1903)

A touching story, beautifully written, of a Child of the Sacred Passion.

By REV. PHILIP COGHLAN, C. P.

Price, postpaid, 60 cents.

Address: THE SIGN,

West Hoboken, N. J.

The Sisters of St. Francis
at
LADYCLIFF-ON-HUDSON

conduct an Academic High School and a Preparatory College. Also St. Joseph's Home, an institution for poor children at Peekskill, N. Y. Young ladies desiring to consecrate their lives to God in the cause of Christian education or in caring for neglected little ones, communicate with:

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR
Mt. St. Francis, Peekskill, N. Y.

MOUNT DE SALES

Academy of the Visitation

Estab. 1852 by Sisters of Visitation
Music, Languages and Art Courses
College—Preparatory and elective—Commodious buildings. Beautiful grounds. Homelike environment. Outdoor recreation. Catalogue on request. Address The Directress, Catonsville, Maryland.

We have a copy of "THE LIFE of CHRIST" waiting for you. Price, \$1.50. Send for your copy to:

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

College of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

(P. O. Address, Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women registered by the New York State University and the New Jersey, and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Bachelor degree in arts, letters, science and music.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT—SAINT ELIZABETH ACADEMY

Academy of the Sacred Heart

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments conducted by the Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, New Jersey

STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE AND TRAINING SCHOOL

Benziger Brothers Fall Productions

MISSY. The Heart Story of a Child. By Inez Specking. Frontispiece. It has beauty, fidelity to life, and a rare, refreshing humor. Net, \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.

COMMUNION DEVOTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. Preparations and Thanksgivings for the Daily Use of the Members of All Religious Communities. Adapted by The Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland. Preface by Rev. Francis Lebuffe, S. J. 24mo, Imit. Leather, Red Edges. Net, \$2.75. American Seal Leather. Net. \$3.75. Postpaid.

YEARNING FOR GOD. The Path to Peace of the Soul. By Rev. Joseph J. Williams, S. J. 12mo. Frontispiece. Net, \$1.50. Postage 15 cents.

MY KINGDOM COME. Morsels from the King's Table. By Rev. J. E. MOFFATT, S. J. Frontispiece. Cloth, with gold stamping on side. Net, 30 cents.

THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. Preface by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. D. New edition in octavo. Net, \$3.00. Postage 20 cents.

THREE-MINUTE HOMILIES. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. The Gospels and Brief Sermons for all Sundays and many Festivals. Net, \$2.00. Postage 15 cents.

KELLY. An Action Story of Factory Life. A Novel. By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. Net, \$1.50. Postage 15 cents.

WHERE MONKEYS SWING. An American Boy's Adventures in India. By Rev. Neil J. BOYTON, S. J. Frontispiece. Net, \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.

THE DEAREST GIRL. A Story for Girls. By Marion Ames Taggart. 4 full-page illustrations. Net, \$1.50. Postage 15 cents.

THE AWAKENING OF EDITH. A Boarding School Story. By Inez Specking. 4 full-page illustrations. Net, \$1.50. Postage 15 cents.

Established 1782

Benziger Brothers
NEW YORK CINCINNATI
CHICAGO
Studio and Works:
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



CONTENTS, NOVEMBER, 1924

Current Fact and Comment.....	133
Defining Freedom—Man's Greatest Affair—Architecture and Faith—"Put Up Thy Sword"—St. Andrew and the Passion—Sleep and the Precept—The Busy Proselytizers—All Souls—A Significant Special Collection.	
"The Citizen and His Vote".....	137
By Charles A. McMahon	
Where Our Altars Come From.....	139
By Gabriel Francis Powers	
The Sign of Love.....	144
By Lois Donovan	
The Great Sacrifice.....	145
By Vincent Gavacan, C. P.	
The French Graves.....	148
By John Ayscough	
Our Missionary Sisters in Shenchowfu	154
The Sign Post.....	155
A Modern Philosopher.....	157
By Louis H. Wetmore	
Mary's Son.....	159
By Catherine M. Bresnan	
The Appeal of Jesus Crucified.....	160
Enid Dinnis	162
By Anne Burlew	
Categorica	165
Edited by N. M. Law	
Our Junior Readers.....	167
With the Passionists in China.....	169
Index to Worthwhile Books.....	175

The Sign is published monthly at West Hoboken, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.25 per year, Foreign, \$2.50 per year. Western Office: The Sign, Norwood Park, Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. Available MSS. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising, and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as second Class Matter September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at West Hoboken, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1924.

W. J. DUFFY, Pres.
JOSEPH RITZ, Vice-Pres.
Phone: Hoboken 1758
ESTABLISHED 1899

Hoboken Carpet Cleaning Works, Inc.
RENOVATING
REFITTING
AND LAYING

New Carpets and Linoleum Furnished

1424-26 WILLOW AVE.
HOBOKEN, N. J.

PURE ALTAR WINES

We respectfully solicit the valued patronage of the Reverend Clergy for our pure approved rubrical altar wines to be used for sacramental purposes only.

Our wines are made at our own vineyards located in the famous wine belt of California—Rutherford, Napa Valley—under the supervision of Rev. D. O. Crowley, appointed for that purpose by His Grace, Archbishop E. J. Hanna. These wines are sent to us in sealed casks under government bond, and we in turn distribute them in the quantities and qualities desired by the reverend clergy.

Our pure Mass Wines bear the unqualified endorsement of a great many Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori, Priests of the Catholic Church as licit and valid for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Recommendations sent on request.

Send for Price List, Application Forms and Samples.

**BEAULIEU VINEYARD
DISTRIBUTING CO.**
T. F. RODDEN, Mgr.

The House of Pure Altar Wines
47-49 Barclay Street, New York
City, N. Y.

Thanksgiving

A Thing of Here and Now

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

Once upon a time a wonderful ship came to this sweet Land of Liberty. And as the keel of this wonderful ship grazed the hospitable sands of old New England, a goodly number of wonderful people proceeded to disembark on a wonderful rock.

And after these wonderful people had unburdened their wonderful ship of its furniture—some of which can be seen today in nearly every "antique shoppe" in the country—they attempted at once to make the world unsafe for the Papacy.

Christmas-day was unbearably papish, hence it must be abolished. But as the people were prejudiced for an annual day of feasting and good-cheer, some kind of day must be substituted for this Papish Feast. What shall it be? No less than a day of thanksgiving, or, as it is more popularly known now—a-days, Thanksgiving Day. All the Christians dwelling in the new Salem were called upon to stop commemorating the Birth of Christ and to commemorate instead the arrival of a wonderful people in a wonderful ship.

But (alas!) for the good intentions of these ardent followers of Christ. In spite of their unselfish efforts, Christmas day is still observed: yea, and even on the day which they so thoughtfully inaugurated they are almost forgotten in the codles of cranberry sauce and the rah-rahs of football games.

However, we less stalwart followers of Christ—we, who in our ignorance cannot see the impropriety of observing the Birthday of our Divine Master—should reverently recall the whole-souled efforts of these early American reformers. True, their efforts were unsuccessful—there was no Constitution to amend in those days.

But though they failed in their main object yet they actually though unknowingly did a service by instituting a day on which the nation returns thanks to God for the benefits He has bestowed on us.

And now for the practical point of this letter. Twenty-six Passionist Fathers and five Sisters of Charity have journeyed to China. They are Pilgrims (Thank God!) not Puritans. Hence though they still have Christmas Day they have no Thanksgiving Day.

No, that's not true. Rather every day for them is a thanksgiving day, but those days especially are thanksgiving days on which from their friends they receive substantial proofs of friendship.

Again, my dear Friends, remember that no donation is too small to be accepted by us for our Missionary Priests and Sisters in China. At the same time if some one has nothing less than a million dollars(!) to give, let him not be afraid to come forward: everyone will be relieved of his gift with the same courtesy and dispatch.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 4

Current Fact and Comment

Defining Freedom

Of course the attempt to suppress the supply of obnoxious literature by legislation was met with petulant demands for the freedom of the press. Fair-minded people are left wondering whether such freedom cannot be maintained with all parties agreeing on an honest distinction between liberty and licentiousness.

The supply of lecherous literature continues unabated. The mercenary publishers coöperate with that class of authors presuming on the effectiveness of announcements stating that in the latest volume the sex problem is "mercilessly analyzed," that certain relations are "frankly exposed" or expressed with "daring candor." The author, of course, disavows any intention to corrupt, claiming, on the contrary, to treat his subject wholly within the field of art or pathology. There is really no obscure line of distinction between freedom and such licence, between true art and grossness. Our popular realistic writers can be classified as shameless and lascivious or conscientious and wholesome.

To quote the literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*:

We deplore the banality of grossness when it is masked behind pseudo-intellectuality; when mental aloofness is assumed warrant for pig-wallowing; when sociological and psychoanalytical discussion is indulged in by men who are neither sociologists nor psychoanalysts, but who look to entice the unsophisticated in great numbers or who seek a kind of stealthy personal gratification. There is nothing gross about sex and the passions any more than there is about eating. But our stomachs revolt a little against certain habits of eating. And they reserve the right to revolt against certain kinds of "artistic" perversion.

Concerning effects upon the reader, Henry James' psychological view confirms an old and familiar law of morality:

The effect then, we discover, of the undertaking to give passion its whole place is that by the operation of a singular law no place seems to be left for anything else; and the effect of that in turn is greatly to modify, first, the truth of things, and second, with small delay, what may be left them of beauty.

And F. P. A. in the *New York World* adds his condemnation, concluding a poem, "How a Revolutionary Poet Looks at Literature," with this stanza:

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no sewers that you may dig?
Are there no chartless wonderlands?
O teach the human race to read
That life's not merely Sex and Woe.
Pray Heaven for a little art,
And let bunk realism go.

Man's Greatest Affair

IT is well that human science, after a period of momentous progress, should be subjected to examination regarding its contribution to the best interests and the enduring happiness of mankind. Thus we find Edward S. Martin in *Harper's Magazine* conducting the inquiry in this classic type of the hypothetical sentence. He incidentally remarks that the scientists are growing more modest than they were a generation ago:

After one has considered all the improvements in the apparatus of life and all the increases of knowledge which are visibly on the way to us, the mechanical improvements that will affect transportation, radio and all the incidents of electrical application, chemistry and all it may do,—including the splitting of atoms, medicine and all its future services to health, and all that the engineers are going to do to make things handier, all that the architects and painters will do to make them more beautiful—when all such things are considered, anticipated and catalogued ahead so far as possible, what is the main resulting conclusion?

It is that the important thing of all is man... If we can learn to be good there is a fair chance that civilization will be permanent. If we cannot accomplish that great achievement it will break down under us.... The right way is the one that teaches us to know good from evil and to strive after good. In it there is salvation and, incidentally, permanence of institutions.

It must be admitted that science, through the glamor of its remarkable achievements, has usurped the esteem of many minds to the exclusion of in-

THE \dagger SIGN

terest in religion. Writing for *Collier's*, His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell shows how this condition has evolved, especially in this country, and more definitely proposes the remedy:

It is an encouraging sign that the people of this country are now awakening to the vital need of moral training in education. Less than a century ago the present practice in American education was inaugurated. The advocates of the discontinuance of the teaching of religion did not foresee the inevitable consequences of the new policy. To-day the confidence of the past has become doubt and fear for the future. There is an insistent cry that something be done at once to safeguard the moral sense of the youth of America....

What man constructs for his own satisfaction he tears down at his own convenience and pleasure. Human nature cannot be uplifted by its own bootstraps. Human nature rises only in the sublime realization of the fact that life is a gift of God and that faith, love and obedience to God are the abiding obligations of this earthly pilgrimage. In this truth man finds motive, purpose, and objective which completely satisfy his soul. Nothing less suffices in the ordering of life's duties and responsibilities. There can be no morality without religion.

Architecture and Faith

THE great cathedrals and minsters of Europe were the product of faith and, where under Catholic control, continue consistently to be sanctuaries of faith. Wherever the intruder took possession they have become great, silent mausoleums—the soul has gone out of them. Our modern Christian temples are likewise readily distinguished according to the source of the inspiration in their design and the quality of worship for which they provide. Even church plans and equipment will reflect the tendency to compromise with worldliness. Observers are constantly recording their impressions—the pure joy, the exaltation, the clearer outlook on time and eternity, all stimulating to higher resolves—which they invariably experience on visiting our Catholic churches and chapels. These are set in favorable contrast even by non-Catholic observers themselves as witnesses the Rev. W. J. Dawson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J., writing in *The Century* and lamenting the absence in our American churches of the height, the space, the gloom, the glory that created a spirit of reverence and awe in the great medieval cathedrals:

Every abomination of contorted and inharmonious architecture is to be found in our Protestant churches. These churches are often mere auditoriums; they were never conceived as churches. They are manifestly forums, where everything is designed to give prominence to a public speaker. They convey not the slightest sense of anything that is mysterious or solemn in religion.

The character of these buildings, forums, rather than churches, raises another question. Protestantism

is, as the word implies, organized protest, and protest is vocal; hence in a Protestant church the central object is not the altar, but the pulpit, or the rostrum. Truths have to be explained and endlessly explained. These have to be defended and endlessly defended. It does not matter in the least that a truth has been adequately stated on Sunday; the Protestant intellect is either too feeble or too inattentive to receive such a statement as final, and it must be made all over again the next Sunday. Nothing is left to meditation; all is subject to argument. Mystery is expelled as a form of superstition. The consequence is that after a time a man of sensitive spirit, in search of real communion with the infinite, tires of this atmosphere of controversy. His soul craves mystery, as flowers crave the dews that fall silently, and presently he seeks a soil less arid.

"Put Up Thy Sword"

PROFESSIONAL agitators like the Rev. J. Frank Morris (the Texas Tornado) represent that class of preachers who are largely responsible for whatever animosity may prevail among their people toward Catholics. This particular minister recently occupied a prominent New York pulpit for a whole week discreetly confining his theme to a defense of orthodoxy and making an earnest appeal for right living. But, on withdrawing to the safe confines of Orange Ontario, his public utterances became so abusive to Catholics as to merit a protest from Father Minehan to the editor of *The Toronto Globe* from which we quote:

You must have known that assertions of this kind were beneath the dignity of lies, that they were an infamous libel on 40 per cent of the people of Canada, and yet you sent them broadcast throughout this Province and beyond, without one word of protest.

Norris serves his complacent audiences with a despicable form of sensationalism playing with his peculiar eloquence on their ignorances and confirming their prejudices by fearful descriptions, such as that of the intrigues and designs of Catholics upon the civil government.

According to him, "the Klan deserves credit for shutting the gates of America against immigrants from Southern Europe and preventing our institutions from becoming vassals of Rome." "Rome has not changed, and if it were in her power she would burn down every Protestant church and burn her Protestant enemies at the stake." And so his libelous charges run and characteristically end in the incendiary plea to take the offensive against the common foe—Catholicism.

One of our missionaries recently conducted a long series of missions to non-Catholics in a section of the South under the complete sway of Protestantism. He might have expected that his presence there would be tolerated as that of one representing an alien and abhorred institution. But, invariably, toleration gave way to interest and

THE T SIGN

to manifest surprise at the plain exposition of Catholic faith and practice. Whatever their attitude of mind formed by unscrupulous preachers with none on hand to question or deny, it could scarcely be called bigotry.

Not until the small but obnoxious element in the Protestant ministry is eliminated will there be an end of foisting religion upon American political life, contrary to the deliberate intention of the framers of the Constitution.

St. Andrew and the Passion

ST. ANDREW, brother of the Prince of the Apostles, is distinguished among the apostles by his tender devotion to the Passion of Christ. Like all the Twelve he carried the austere Gospel message to a sensuous and selfish pagan world fearlessly and in defiance of the decrees and threats of emperors. But the source of this apostle's courage is distinctly his vivid recollection of the Master's sufferings. His defiance of his pagan judges might appear to us needlessly bold—almost indiscreet. Little they knew that they threatened him only with that which he vehemently desired. In him courage was intimately merged with that vehement longing: "O fair Cross!" he cried, "which from the very members of the Lord hast been imbued with honor and beauty, take me from among men and deliver me to my Master, that through thee He may receive me whom through thee He hath redeemed." The details of his martyrdom are preserved for us from records made by actual witnesses of it, the priests and deacons of Achaia.

After the resurrection of our Lord, St. Andrew was allotted Scythia in Europe for the spreading of the faith. Here and in Epirus and Thrace he converted many by his preaching and miracles. It was at Patras in Achaia, many having accepted the Gospel, that he came into conflict with the proconsul, Ægeus. Him, St. Andrew boldly reprimanded for claiming to be a judge of men while not acknowledging Christ the Divine Judge of all. The undaunted apostle in response to dire warnings only more earnestly announced to the people that Christ had willed to be crucified for the salvation of mankind. To Ægeus proposing immunity if he would sacrifice to the gods, the apostle replied: "Daily do I immolate upon the altar to the One, True and Almighty God, not the flesh of bulls nor the blood of goats, but that Immaculate Lamb, the flesh of Whom, after the faithful hath partaken of it, remaineth living and whole, the same Lamb that was sacrificed." The proconsul decreed that St. Andrew should die in the same manner as his Master. In him was it verified that love is stronger

than death: for two whole days he survived fixed to the cross and never ceasing to preach Christ Crucified to the assembled people.

Sleep and the Precept

A GRAVE obligation such as that requiring attendance at Mass on holydays can be dispensed with only for a grave reason. Arguing with a lax conscience some Catholics might habitually conclude that between a reasonable time for rising and of departure for their various occupations there is no opportunity to get to Mass on holyday mornings. To such as these we submit for consideration the experience of those toilers who manage to hear Mass daily without discomfort or harm to their physical constitutions. When we recall that there are only six holydays in the year and that generally some of these are merged with Sundays it must be admitted that strict compliance with this precept cannot be ranked as heroism. Some retire the previous night resolved to attend Mass, but on awaking and while still under the influence of drowsiness and that "tired feeling"—not a favorable time for clear argument—come to a negative decision about this grave duty. The argument for a reasonable amount of sleep has not the support of medical authority voiced by Prof. Donald Laird of Colgate University writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*:

Recent scientific investigation shows quite definitely that the time-honored idea that it is wise to get a great deal of sleep has scant basis in fact. As a matter of fact, many people probably get too much sleep, and too much sleep may be harmful, just as too much food is.

If you find it hard to get out of bed in the morning it is because you have not learned how to sleep. The "tired feeling" that makes rising at the call of the alarm clock so difficult, would not disappear, as you imagine, were you able to disregard its summons, for, the deep, restful sleep that repairs weariness of body and mind comes during the first hour or two after you go to bed.

After the first couple of hours sleep becomes lighter. After four hours it is very light. To continue this sleep in the morning is not restful. Why not, then, do away with this light, fitful slumber that does you no good and substitute deeper sleep of shorter duration?

The Busy Proselytizers

RECENTLY a pastor, investigating the report that some Italian children in one of his rural stations were attending the Protestant Sunday School, incidentally learned that the local minister had the custom of mulcting summer visitors in order to procure Christmas doles for those attending his Sunday School.

About the same time we noted the report of a

THE SIGN

meeting of the Presbytery of that district (Long Island). The chairman of the Church Extension Board read an "encouraging" report on work being done in Brooklyn among the Hebrews, Filipinos and Hungarians, and another told of the strides made by the Daily Vacation Bible schools under the Presbyterian Church. The report showed that this denomination had 21 schools in operation this summer with 3,006 children enrolled. Of these 1,435 were Protestants, 1,234 were Catholics, 139 were Jewish and 199 had no religious affiliation.

It is unnecessary to comment upon the ethics of such proselytizing or to inquire as to its efficiency in producing sincere Christians.

What about the Catholic parents who thus venture the faith of their children? It has been explained that, being foreigners, they are easily deceived by certain external accommodations of the sects to Catholic worship and practice. In any case, it is quite inconceivable that they would have assumed such an attitude of indifference if circumstances had not prevented steady and intimate contact with their own religion.

Our bishops have been alert to their needs and are endeavoring to provide for them even at great sacrifices. Despite the shortage of priests, chapels are being established strategically in rural districts under diocesan subsidy. It is surprising how many of these, through conversions and the process of reclamation, soon attain to the proportions of regular parishes demanding a resident pastor.

Our summer visitors to rural districts may be familiar with the plea to aid in such projects. There will be a generous response if we reflect on how necessary is this effort for maintaining the faith of many who otherwise become the prey of the very active sectarian organizations.

All Souls

THE Reformers repudiated the ancient belief that the departed might be subject to purification in the other world and that they might be succored by the prayers and sacrifices of the militant Church. It is difficult to look upon such repudiation as a concession to human reason and sentiment. Eternity, thus considered, presents a fearful alternative to the Christian seriously considering the accumulation of guilt from lesser faults and frequent backsliding and still recalling the words of Christ, "Nothing defiled shall enter Heaven." This is but another instance where men had to choose between the authority of the Reformers and the tradition of centuries. And in this matter the Protestant Christian might well inquire why the words of St. Augustine, speaking in the fresh dawn

of Christianity, are void and without significance to him. Thus in chapter fourth in his book, *On Having a Care for the Dead*:

Undoubtedly the affection that begets faithful memory and prayer is of real benefit when it is exercised by dear ones to the dead—to those who, when in the flesh, lived so as to deserve that after this life such affection should be of benefit to them. Moreover, should circumstances prevent the burial of the bodies of the deceased or even their consignment to consecrated places we must not fail to offer supplications for their souls. Such supplication the Church has a care to make in her general commemoration, without mentioning their names, for all those who have departed in Christian and Catholic unity. Thus does the one common and faithful Mother of all supplicate for those deprived of such aid from parents or children, relatives or friends. Indeed, if such supplications springing from true faith and piety were not offered for the dead, I consider that consigning their bodies to consecrated ground would be of no profit to their souls.

A Significant Special Collection

ON a recent Sunday, worshippers in the Westminster Cathedral were greeted with collection boxes bearing the inscription "For the Converts' Aid Society," we learn from the London *Universe*. The preacher, Fr. Woodlock, S. J., told how since the day of Cardinal Newman some 800 clergymen of the Church of England had been received into the Church, and pointed out that the heroic degree of virtue which is demanded, especially in the case of married clergymen who are convinced of the necessity of taking this step, is a thing which needed only to be understood to make its strong appeal. In six years 70,000 individuals, one by one, have sought admission to the Catholic Church, but with these the Converts' Aid Society is not concerned. It dealt with but one class of converts—ministers from the Anglican and Non-Conformist Churches. "Look at the names," the preacher said "and you will be amazed at what the Catholic Church owes to its converts." The audience was reminded that there were numerous cases of ex-ministers with wives and children, who had surrendered comfortable incomes and were now penniless or roofless or avoiding actual starvation by selling off their furniture. The Converts' Aid Society wished to be prepared, furthermore, for the increasing needs of the future, when the day comes, as it assuredly will, that ministers of the Anglican and other Protestant bodies seek admission in large numbers into the true Church. A reasonable surmise in view of G. K. Chesterton's declaration that, under God, he owed his conversion to Dean Inge and Bishop Hensley Henson because they showed him clearly that the Anglican Church could not be the true Church when its bishops preached anti-Christian doctrine and the dean denied fundamental Christian truths.

“The Citizen and His Vote”

Americans Should Realize the Personal Duties of Democracy

By CHARLES A. McMAHON



OLLOWING the “Get-Out-the-Vote” movement, which is receiving the support of the leading civic, educational and welfare organizations of the country, the Civic Education Bureau of the National Catholic

Welfare Conference has issued in the form of a six-page folder a timely appeal to civic duty, which bears the above title. The appeal is issued in the spirit of the 1840 Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy, in which the ecclesiastical leaders of the Church urged upon the Catholics of that time the moral responsibility of doing their part in public affairs. The 1840 pronouncement disclaimed any desire to influence the vote of any citizen, the only concern of the leaders of the Church at that time being, as their Pastoral Letter stated, “the respectability of our land, the stability of our Constitution, the perpetuation of our liberties, and the preservation of pure and undefiled religion.”

The N. C. W. C. Civic Education appeal also features a later pronouncement of the American Hierarchy, one contained in the epoch-making 1919 Pastoral issued by Cardinal Gibbons in the name of the archbishops and bishops of the Church subsequent to the meeting of ninety-two members of the Hierarchy at the Catholic University in September of that year. The key-note thought of the N. C. W. C. appeal is expressed in the following words of this now famous Pastoral:

“Each citizen should devote a reasonable amount of time and energy to the maintenance of right government by the exercise of his political rights and privileges. He should understand the issues that are brought before the people and coöperate with his fellow citizens in securing by all legitimate means the wisest possible solution.”

The N. C. W. C. appeal analyzes the 1920 voting record, showing that only 49 per cent of the qualified voters went to the polls in that important Presidential year. The number voting was approximately 26,500,000, while about 27,500,000 stayed at home. A tabulation is presented showing by States the percentages of qualified citizens who approached the polls that year. The figures show that in some of the southern States only 8 per cent. of the qualified electors took the trouble to approach the polls in 1920. The appeal itself is prefaced by

another quotation from the 1919 Pastoral Letter, in which the meaning of the term “democracy” is set forth as follows:

“Democracy, understood as self-government, implies that the people as a whole shall rule themselves. But if they are to rule wisely, each must begin by governing himself, by performing his duty no less than by maintaining his right.”

The statement continues:

“On November 4, 1924, the people of the United States will go to the polls to select the officers to whom their civil affairs will be entrusted for a period of years. A president and vice-president of the United States will be selected, also governors of many of the States, members of Congress, United States senators, state legislators and local officials. Many states will vote upon important measures presented by referendum. The day will be one of the most important in the annals of self-government through sheer magnitude of the people’s business which will be controlled by the events of the day. No citizen can be indifferent to the event.”

AMERICAN democracy expects each citizen to do his duty and that duty consists primarily in the casting of an intelligent vote for the selection of those to whom the people’s power shall be entrusted. The duty is not for some but for all citizens. Insofar as the duty of governing through the ballot is left to a few, oligarchy reigns. All citizens should have the independence and self-assertiveness which will force them, for conscience sake, to do their part.

Yet, the record of the past indicates that a large number of citizens fail in the elementary duty of voting. Even in elections corresponding in importance to the present, millions of citizens have failed to go to the polls on election day. Statistics show that, in 1920, with the same officers to be chosen as this year, more than one half of the citizens did not vote. In many States the vote cast for legislative, state and local officers fell much below that percentage. Causes such as change of residence, physical disability, detention in penal institutions and institutions for the insane, lack of a contest (as in the southern States where the issue had been decided in the previous party primary), account for several millions who did not vote. Educational and tax paying requirements limited

THE \ddagger SIGN

the vote in certain States. After making all reasonable allowances, however, the sad fact remains that nearly 20,000,000 able-bodied voters failed in 1920 to do their part in the great common enterprise of the people's government.

Surely, if people realized the nature of democracy and the personal duties which it entails upon its citizens, there would be scarcely anyone who would fail to go to the polls on election day, or who would have to be urged or dragooned to vote. It is because many people do not fully appreciate the meaning of democracy that they fail in civic duty.

WHAT, in its essentials, is democracy? Democracy is the conduct of our public affairs through representatives whom we elect, or through direct action of the people voting in a referendum. The affairs that the government conducts are our affairs; the representatives who do the public work are our agents, selected by us to do our work—the work of all which provides for common welfare and protection.

Government, in city, state and nation, is not some outside power imposing its will upon us; it is rather our own instrument, planned by us, arranged by us, and run by us to provide for the common good. The citizens' part in it consists in selecting officials at the polls; in passing judgment upon those few laws submitted in referendum; in bearing one's fair share of the cost of government through taxation; in fairly and honestly criticizing or praising the conduct of public affairs; and in holding public office and public trust whenever the call for service comes.

These duties are not reserved for some of our citizens; they fall upon all, and no one can escape the burden except by being a shirker or, in war time terms, a slacker. When in a common enterprise for the good of all, any person fails to do his part, it merely means that he is allowing others to carry the load, a part of which belongs to him.

Not only will civic duties be performed by right-thinking men and women, but they will be performed with a full realization that upon a single vote may turn an election, and thereby may turn the national fate. Elections are won or lost often by the margin of a few votes. Presidents of the United States have been elected by so small a margin that a change of a few hundred votes in a single State would have changed the result. Local elections have been decided by the margin of a single vote. How, then, can a voter do his duty except after thoughtful and prayerful consideration of candidates and issues? Can he escape his duty by remaining away from the polls? By so doing he will not, through ignorance of the issues, cast

a vote on the wrong side; but on the other hand he will fail to cast his vote on the right side. Such action at best would be only a partial escape from responsibility.

IN the task of bringing the challenge of duty this year to all of the citizens of the country several great national organizations have enlisted. The Catholic organizations and people are joining in this campaign with vigor, for the ideal of civic duty is one which has been held aloft by the leaders and people of the Church in America since the days of the great Carrolls. Disclaiming at every step the slightest wish to influence the vote of any citizen, the ecclesiastical leaders of the Church have repeatedly called to the attention of Catholics the moral duty of doing their part in public affairs, their only concern being, as the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy, 1840, states, "the respectability of our land, the stability of our Constitution, the perpetuation of our liberties, and the preservation of pure and undefiled religion."

It is in this spirit that the N. C. W. C. appeal to civic duty is issued.

This effort of the Civic Education Bureau of the Conference is in line with the general aims and purposes of the nation-wide citizenship campaign which has been one of the main activities of the National Catholic Welfare Conference during the past five years. During this time the Civic Education Bureau of the Conference has sought to help our Catholic schools in their work of civic education; to aid in the civic education of the aliens within our country and to assist them in the process of naturalization; to aid in stimulating greater civic activity on the part of individual Catholics and organizations of Catholic men and women and of all our people; and to hold up before the American people the Catholic principle that religion supplies the highest and noblest motives for the discharge of civic obligations and that our democracy cannot long endure unless all our people are animated by motives of religion in dealing with one another. This citizenship campaign has been under the joint direction of John A. Lapp, LL. D., director of the Chicago office of the N. C. W. C. Social Action Department, and the writer of this article.

The National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women—the two co-ordinate branches of the Lay Organizations Department of the Conference—have distributed copies of the folder among their affiliated organizations and individuals and have urged Catholic voters throughout the Country to cooperate in their respective localities in the "Get-Out-the-Vote" campaign.

Where Our Altars Come From

Carrara: The Quarries of the World

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS



WE were spending our vacation on the Tuscan sea-coast, half way between Spezia and Leghorn, a marvellous spot, extraordinarily favored by nature for it boasts one of the most beautiful bathing beaches in Italy, magnificent pinewoods perfuming the air for miles around, and a superb range of mountains, known as the Apuan Alps, closing the view on the land side. Always, when we were swimming or sailing, and could get a clear vision of these mountains, they showed great streaks of shining white in the clefts and recesses, as though snow had remained there in drifts after the winter. We knew so well what these rifts were, that we never gave them a second thought; but a stranger chanced to be with us one day, and he fell to wondering if those gleaming traceries of silver were torrents or water-falls. "My, dear man," somebody answered him, "your torrents are the most famous marble quarries in the world, the white marbles of Carrara." "Do you mean to tell me that we go in swimming every day in sight of the marble quarries of Carrara, and you never told me?" There was a general lifting of the shoulders, as far as one can lift shoulders out in deep water, and, to pacify him, we promised to take him to see the quarries. I must confess that it only struck me then, for the first time, that readers of *THE SIGN* might also like to be taken to see the quarries.

From our station, Viareggio, the run by train takes about an hour, on the Genoa line, going north, as far as Massa. There are quarries at Massa, and a working station; but at Carrara the great industry has centred and offers greater interest. You may wonder why the railroad line turns at Massa, at the very foot of the hills, almost at right angles with them, and plunges west. The hills ordain it, for they send out a branch here, projecting toward the sea, and the train must skirt that branch, reaching Avenza on the coast, before it can run north again. As we follow the main range, town after town appears, set upon successive lofty eminences. These citadels are wall-girt, tower-crowned, and romantically medieval in character. Some have the embattled strength of fortresses, and, no doubt, were strongholds in the days of Guelph and Ghibelline.

In the plain lie Serravezza and Pietrasanta, other centres of the marble trade; and, high up upon its hill, stands Luni. Though you see but a grey hamlet, old, wrapped in itself and aloof, do not despise it; for Caesar saw and noted it, and Dante recalls its splendor and power, as it used to be. "Dost marvel that all life and grandeur pass?.... Luni and Urbisaglia, where are they?".... It was one of the most splendid of the autonomies, or *Leucomonie* of the Etruscans, long before Rome was Rome. The writer has a strong suspicion that Urbisaglia survives in the lowly village of Mesaglia, beneath one of the great marble veins, but it is mere conjecture. The quarries of Carrara were certainly known to the ancients; and it is interesting to recall that, in the thirteenth century, Dante mentions the place expressly in the *Inferno*. Among the wizards condemned ever to walk with necks twisted backward for that they sought unduly to probe into the future, which is God's, he names Arunte, who is supposed to have performed his sorceries in this locality.

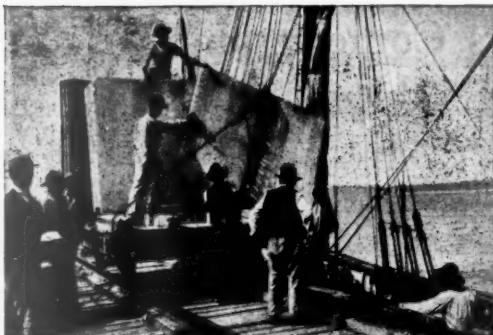
....."Upon the hills of Luni were doth hew
the Carrarese who below abides,
He had his cave amid the marbles white."

WE leave the train at Avenza, for the railroad does not go to Carrara. A small branch line is in operation three times a day chiefly for the convenience of local workers; but there is an excellent tramway line, running cars every fifteen minutes from the station of Avenza to the principal square of Carrara.

We are heading straight for the mountains now, for the town lies at the foot of them, and spreads upward toward them; quite a large place and populous, with the air partly of a provincial city and partly of a resort. There are several churches, many fine houses, a pretty garden, park, schools, and a number of residential villas, especially on the heights.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral, a Tuscan Romanesque structure of the early thirteenth century, with curious form-sculptures at the apex of the window-arches; an apse with narrow-slit lights; and a facade adorned with a rose-window and a series of graded colonnettes in the upper portion of it. Certain ornamental bands of the portal, carved with early Byzantine designs, suggest that the foundation may go further back than

THE \ddagger SIGN



ON THE PIER. LOADING SAILING VESSEL.

the thirteenth century, possibly to the eleventh. The town has pleasant features: trees planted in rows, bits of garden and fountains, and there is a great abundance of marbles used everywhere in construction. The public school, a handsome building in the Renaissance style, supports its spacious arches on four magnificent monolithic columns of dappled marble which would grace a palace. We pass the monument of Pietro Tacca, bronze figure on a stone base, crouching, fuse in hand, a work of real art, to the memory of the man who some three hundred years ago, was the local pioneer of blasting. Nearby is a rockery, with water dripping over the brown quartz; and another, large as a small room, in which a royal eagle, no doubt a denizen of the summits above us, turns his proud head to gaze, with contemptuous, amber-colored eyes, upon the strange faces pressing against his bars.

BUT we must not tarry, for the important quest of the mines is still before us. Conversation with natives on the square results in two suggestions: we can walk to the quarries in two or three hours' time, but the way is steep and rough, and we must engage a guide or we will certainly lose the way; or, we can apply to the offices of the quarry railroad and see if we can get them to give us transportation. The first suggestion falls to the ground, for we only have six hours before us, and the sun is blazing hot. We therefore go to the office of the railroad. We find a small, complete station, a one track road, and two courteous but not enthusiastic men behind desks. They explain that by giving notice twenty-four hours beforehand we could have had a passenger car coupled on to the working train and go to the terminus comfortably; but that all they can do for us now is to take one person upon the locomotive of the cars which go up for a load of marble at two o'clock. Even this we only obtain, after some discussion, in favor of our friend, a

young Hungarian engineer, who has a special interest in seeing the works close at hand. The rest of us resign ourselves to our fate.

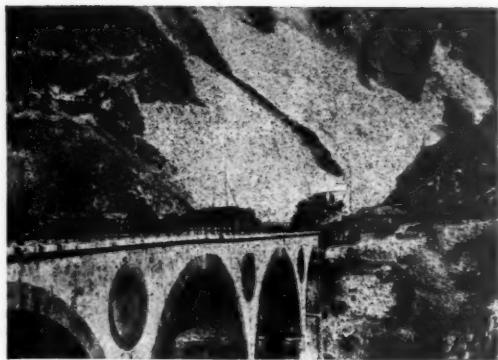
His description of this hazardous adventure was something to hear, and we heard it eagerly on the home-bound train at night. They put him in the cab with the engine-driver, and the beating sun and the torrid heat of the locomotive combined to burn him alive. Then they came to the great tunnel, a little over a mile long, and the smoke, dense and sulphurous, threatened to asphyxiate him. The narrow road ascends gradually, skirting the mountain side, sometimes at the edge of appalling precipices, with no defence between you and limitless space, and sometimes crossing viaducts the supporting stilts of which rise to heights which make your head swim. The wild gorgeousness of the scene, the awe-inspiring altitudes, and that sort of immense, chaotic disorder of shattered flanks, and avalanches of broken marble scattered in every direction, in a world white with marble dust, was a thing to remember always. Looking west over the catastrophic tumble of gigantic rocks, and across the deep hollows of the valleys, he could see Carrara, a toy-town, beneath him, the vast marble-yards near the shore looking like enormous graveyards full of tiny white monuments; and then the miracle of the far-reaching, tremulous, shimmering azure sea!

IN about an hour he reached the terminus, where there is a station, yards where the marble brought from the quarries receives a first rough shaping to ensure easier transportation, and a group of rude shacks in which a number of workmen live. There are quarries here, there and everywhere in this marvellous range. At some points the marble runs in veins; at other points the solid mass is pure white marble, though the outer surface, darkened and crusted with grey, conceals its treasure. For twenty centuries or more the Apuan Alps have been



SAWING MARBLE WITH ELECTRICAL WIRES

THE \dagger SIGN



CURVE OF VIADUCT AND TUNNEL MOUTH

contributing to the requirements of art, architecture and industry all the world over, and their fund is not beginning to be exhausted.

Blasting is used chiefly where new openings are to be made; but the marble is detached from the bulk, generally, by a complete process which consists in forming a semi-circular tunnel around a given mass, by means of successive small explosions; what is to be the under surface of the block is then sawed through horizontally by elecoidal wires, and the vertical and base portions thus being free, a small blast of dynamite at the top, toward the back, throws the great block forward, wrenching it wholly free. It is this first huge, raw mass that is sawed into smaller blocks, according as required, and then loaded upon the quarry train for transportation.

Some of the pieces desired are of such large dimensions that it is impossible to place them upon the cars; they are then loaded upon wagons, and long lines of oxen, even to the number of twenty-eight or thirty, slowly draw the great weight down the mountain roads. It takes the elecoidal wire forty-eight hours to saw through the horizontal base of one of these blocks. The pieces of marble intended for heroic figure sculpture are left usually in their entirety, and completely irregular in shape, to allow the sculptor more material; otherwise they are reduced immediately to a rudely rectangular form, for the sake of economy of space in transportation. Further cutting, finishing and polishing are done in the marble-yards of Carrara. Everywhere cranes are in use to lift the larger blocks; but, at the quarries, even blocks of a considerable size are moved from one point to another by a system so simple it is archaic. A series of short staves of wood, like railroad ties, is laid upon the ground and covered thick with soap; two long bars, similarly of wood and soaped, are set lengthwise upon the short staves, and the block of marble—

placed upon these—is easily slid by man-power to its point of destination.

WE had the curiosity to enquire what these men in the arduous toil of the quarries earn day by day and learned that their daily wage is about \$1.50: In Italy this is considered good pay. "But," our informant added, "sooner or later they almost always leave an arm or a leg—or their life—up there. Two years ago fifteen of them were taken at one shot. They were eating their dinner at noon, and a great shaft, which they had perhaps loosened in the course of the morning's work, tore loose, and crushed the lot of them where they sat."

Those of us who were not fortunate enough to get the ride on the locomotive, did not waste time bewailing our fate. We knew that there was plenty to see and to interest us in Carrara itself, and we made haste to take the tram to the so-called *Marina di Carrara*, the extension of the town which lies along the sea-front. Three long piers, some hundred feet distant one from the other, project far out into the sea, each one equipped with rails upon which the train can run to the end. We chose the central pier for our post of observation and walked out to the extreme end of it. The afternoon was heavenly bright and clear: laughing blue sky, a vivid breeze, the water dancing and sparkling. A number of white-sailed boats raced hither and thither across the joyous surface of the bay. On the sandy shore a boy in swimming trunks, shone fawn-colored in the strong light, his feet set where the wave flashed and broke. The sea there was violet hued, meeting a bar of green, and then azure as far as the eye could see. A genuine painting by Sorolla, this, returned into real life!

But we had come to see what we could of the quarries, by the aid of a powerful field-glass, and certainly no train running in gorges could have



QUARRY TERMINUS. ELEVATION 1200 FT.

THE ^T SIGN



OXEN TEAM BRINGING A MONSTER BLOCK OF MARBLE FROM THE QUARRIES

given us so complete, so overpowering a view of the entire panorama. The whole range was there open as a book, and brought near with an extraordinary vividity and accuracy. There were the hills all before us, in their lovely coloring which is like that of the flowers of lavender, a purplish blue, a greenish grey. The peaks were clear, rather sharp against the sky, with the festooning curves of the lower outline between them; and the rugged masses, moulded as by giant hands, protruded, receded, in light, in shadow, tactile in their forcefulness.

YET, how painful, too, was the sight! For from this point of vantage all the ravages appeared; the majestic mountain sides scarred and seared, every scrap of vegetation gone, owing to centuries of blasting and excavating; deserts of stone in which men labor in the scorching sun, amid complete aridity and dessication; the white alone, in streams, in torrents, assuming its fair semblance of snow, lends illusion of softness to the scene. Dante's Inferno has some such appalling visions of cliffs of bare stone, terrible in their colossal starkness; of valleys full of tumbled boulders where is neither shade, nor rest, nor refreshment for man. There is something awful about it, something distressful and haunting: a disorder as of titanic peaks hurled down and shattered in the fall; and a barrenness and sterility, as if life has been driven from here forever by some tremendous curse. Far away from Carrara you discover hill-sides covered with trees, deep gorges velvet-green with woods, and revealing the hidden presence of water, and you surmise that such Carrara may once have been. The day is long past. Even in the upper portion of the mountains, rather near the top, though the desolation and gashing is less, quarries are opened here and there, at considerable distance one from the other, and to use a familiar simile, the surfaces of hill are like

those of a cheese from which a large section has been cut, and in the creamy substance, some sharp-beaked bird has pecked holes that show orange or rust-colored at the orifice. Exterioly, the marble often takes this russet coating. As we scanned the view, the little train actually appeared, creeping over the main viaduct on its way to the black pin-head of the tunnel mouth. In size, locomotive and cars looked as if they would stand without difficulty upon the space of a thumb-nail. It was almost impossible to detect motion, so great was the distance, and yet presently it had disappeared. From here, too, it was easier to judge of the different altitudes, and natives on the pier confirmed our estimate. The railroad terminus is at a level of about twelve hundred feet; the main quarries are a little above it; there are other quarries, privately owned, even as high as two or three thousand feet; and some of the most elevated points rise to five thousand five hundred feet; such the beautiful Mount Altissimo, with the gleaming Y shaped open rifts of marble; but this is further south than Carrara.

THE yards, with their tons and tons of the pure white marble piled or strewn under the open sky, lie all along the sea-shore, and the little railroad from the quarries winds among them, depositing its load. At intervals, we pass plain wooden shacks which are the offices of the different big firms handling the marble trade, and some of them display English names. At Sarzana, further north, there is an American firm on the spot. Most of the marble is in slabs of different sizes, and arranged and marked, ready for shipment. The quality that is absolutely pure white and of a fine, close, silvery grain, is the most prized and used almost exclusively for altars, tabernacles and sculpture. The ordinary grade is of white shot or streaked with grey; this is extremely abundant and much used commercially. But other precious marbles, not known specifically as Carrara, are also

THE SIGN

quarried here. One of a soft, even blue grey all through; another extraordinarily rich in color of a dark orange, verging on umber; and finally, one high, bare peak furnishes, but in small quantities, a rare stone that is rose colored.

From the yards we went to one of the electric sawing-mills. The hum and throb of the engines is deafening, and water and mud run loose and splash you if you come close enough; but you simply walk in, and the men smile and touch their caps, taking it quite as a matter of course that you should want to see the works. There is a powerful electric plant, and water-power from a channelled stream, a mill-wheel and reservoirs. Three tremendous sets of saws, occupy the main space; two are in operation. Each set consists of forty-eight or sixty long steel blades, securely fastened in a strong frame, and driving continually forward and back with a pendulum-like regularity of motion. The blades are at two centimetres distance one from the other, (a little over six-eighths of an inch). Beneath the blades three or four blocks of marble are placed close together so that the saws will reach them all, and the engines are then started. Water plays continually over the blocks, both to prevent overheating of the blades by friction, and to wash away the dust of marble which runs out like grey mud from beneath the saws. It takes one entire week for the saws to grind through one group of blocks of marble from top to base.

TO complete our observations, we returned to the main pier where two large sailing vessels were being laden. They came from our own port, Viareggio, and were bound for Leghorn where they were to transfer their cargoes to the holds of transatlantic liners. The marble was directed to England, to South America and to the States. The shipment for the United States was of thirty-inch square slabs, and they had been brought to the pier on a wagon drawn by two white oxen. Six

men were handling this lot. Two on the wagon passed the slabs to two others, who simply slid piece after piece down a broad, inclined plank into the open hold of the ship. At the foot of the plank, still two more men received the slabs and passed them to the sailors who arranged them in their proper places. Now one of these slabs was taken from the wagon broken into two parts. The man who received it asked the wagon driver if he knew it was broken, and the wagon driver replied that he did. It was passed on and deposited in the hold. But one American on the spot was deeply grieved. Why ship that broken thing across four thousand miles of ocean? Why not give the fellow at the other end all his slabs intact? At Carrara it is comparatively easy to get white marble—comparatively only; but how much less easy to get it in Chicago or New York! . . . Of course there is the other side of the question. Every pier, the sea-shore, the streets, were full of these bits of broken marble, witnessing to many accidents; and if the dealers had to make all the breakage good they might go bankrupt. But what a thorn in the side that smashed piece going to America, constituted for one witness!

The shipment of the slabs going to South America was the most interesting for this consisted of huge pieces, large as a wardrobe, though not more than one or two inches thick, and the crane was in operation to lift each one of them from the wagon and swing it out over the hold. The slab was first made secure with an iron chain and ropes, and then pushed off into free air where it hung suspended ominously above the heads of the fourteen men who were engaged in receiving it. It was a spectacle to behold that marble table swaying from side to side! . . . The men upon the ship began immediately to pull on their ropes, which were passed over a pulley, and to chant together, something that sounded like: "Bo. .oy. .ys. .Bo. .oy. .ys" . . (and it may indeed have been our own word



VIEW OF CARRARA WITH ITS FIELDS OF GLISTENING MARBLE

THE T SIGN

imported and Italianized); the cadence was excessively rhythmic and musical, and then turned to the native: "I. I. ssa." "I. I. ssa" . . (Hoist), which was distinctly intelligible. So, singing, they got the great slab into exactly the right position and lowered it into its place in the hold. At sunset, when we left the pier, they were still hoisting, still chanting, and slowly the vessel was filling up with its precious cargo.

OUR engineer joined us at the station at dusk, having had a wonderful day, as we had. He was a sight to behold, for, fearing to miss the home-bound train which we were to take, he had come down from the quarries on foot, by the mountain roads. He was tired, dishevelled, his hands full of pieces of marble, his heavy shoes snow-white with the marble dust clinging to them. Before he left the quarry yards he had asked the men for a keepsake, and they handed him a fifty inch St. Joseph's staff of pure white marble, a little over one inch square. He had come down leaning upon it; then, finding it too heavy, he broke it into short pieces which he distributed to us as souvenirs. One of these is beside me now, inscribed with that verse of the great poet, concerning the "marbles white." *... Ebbe tra bianchi marmi la spelonca.* The traveller had seen one curious thing which we missed. A tiny village, lost in the wilderness near the quarries, and where the whole restricted population, men, women and children, were engaged in making chemists' mortars and pestles. It is their one in-

dustry, their one occupation which never varies: mortars of all sizes, great and small. And, to make them, they live there all the year round isolated from the world, amid incredible hardships. Who would ever have thought it?

When all is said, Carrara has one boast that makes its quarries hallowed ground. It is one of the very few places in the world where the God Who created mountains and valleys, and hid in the earth its wealth and treasures, receives back the homage of His own creation, in the Abel-offering of the best. The purest, the rarest, the most perfect here is consecrated to His service. And Carrara is favored in that it has contributed so much to the adornment of the House of God, and that it has provided innumerable dwelling-places for Him Who is pleased to abide, veiled, in our midst. It has been well said that He does not come to live in the receptacle of priceless marble, or upon the lustrous mensa, but that every Host that is consecrated is destined to some human heart wherein It seeks shelter and rest. Yet, as we speed homeward, in the dark, our thought turns, and not without emotion, to the land far away across the sea, where some grey-haired priest was showing us the treasures of his church, or some Sister, in her convent chapel, drew our attention to the gleaming altar and tabernacle; and, always, the words they spoke were said with the awe of profound appreciation: "It is white marble of Carrara!" . . . Now they will know whence, and how, it comes.

The Sign of Love

By Lois DONOVAN

Across the floor at Nazareth,
When Jesus ran to Mary's arms,
A shadow fell; and Mary's heart
Awoke to angel-taught alarms.
His hands outstretched in sweet embrace,
His face turned upward to the sun
Behold a *Cross* upon the floor,—
The shadow of her Little One.

* * * * *

"Fear not!" the Christ Child sayeth still,
When we, as Mary, trembling see
The Cross o'ershadowing our lives,—
" 'Tis but My arms outstretched to thee!"

The Great Sacrifice

Its Significance and Symbolism

By VINCENT GAVACAN, C. P.



The Last Supper Our Lord said to His Apostles, "Do This for a commemoration of Me." Our Savior had just changed bread and wine into His Body and Blood, and He bade His Apostles do the same for a commemoration of Him. As by a word God erected the world, by these words Our Lord gave His Apostles power to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood. The commemoration Our Savior spoke of was a commemoration of His Passion and Death.

Thus speaks St. Paul, in his account of this momentous occasion: "For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come."

When and where is this solemn commemoration of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ made at the present day? In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass daily offered on our altars. At the Last Supper Our Lord instituted a new priesthood, that was to offer a different sacrifice from the sacrifices that were offered of old in the temple of Jerusalem. This new priesthood was to last for all time. Our Savior, therefore, not only made the Apostles priests, but He empowered them to ordain others priests, and through their successors, the bishops of the Church, this ordination of priests was to be continued. These priests were to offer the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Through them the Commemoration of Christ's Passion and Death was to continue to the end of the world. They were to show during all time the death of the Lord until He come.

Although the Sacrifice of Calvary was offered in a bloody manner, whereas the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in an unbloody manner, yet this sacrifice of the New Law is truly the same Sacrifice of Calvary, continued for the glory of God and the good of men. Our Faith teaches us this. Reason approves of the teaching of Faith. A few words will make it plain.

THE Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacrifice of Calvary are the same, because the Victim and Priest of the Sacrifice of the Mass are the same as the Victim and Priest of the Sacrifice of Calvary; so also are the purposes of the Sacrifice of the Altar the same as those for which the Sacrifice of the

Cross was offered. A further explanation will tend to deepen our appreciation of Holy Mass. Who was the Victim of the Sacrifice of the Cross? Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for it was He Who was offered a bloody victim upon Calvary. It is our Savior Who is offered as a victim in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for it is His Body and Blood that are offered. In like manner is the priest of the Sacrifice of the Mass the same as the priest of the Sacrifice of the Cross. The great Highpriest of the Sacrifice of Calvary was Jesus Christ; and He is still our Highpriest. But how does He offer the Sacrifice of our altars? By the hands of His priests. The priest is only the agent or minister of Jesus Christ.

That the priest at the altar acts only as the minister of Christ, is evident from the very words he pronounces at the consecration of the Mass. As the priest bends over the Sacred Bread, he uses the same words as our Savior used at the Last Supper, "This is my Body"; as the priest bows over the chalice containing the wine, he repeats Christ's words concerning the wine in the chalice He held in His hands at the Last Supper,— "This is my Blood." Now, it were surely ridiculous for the priest to mean by "This is my Body," and "This is my Blood," that the bread and wine he holds in his hands are his body and blood. Can it be doubted, then, that the priest during the Mass acts, not in his person but in the person of Jesus Christ, and that Our Lord offers the sacrifice by him?

FURTHERMORE, the priest offers the Sacrifice of the Mass for the same purposes for which Our Lord offered the Sacrifice of the Cross. Christ offered the Sacrifice of Calvary in adoration to God, in expiation for sin, in thanksgiving to His Eternal Father for His bounties to men, and in supplication to the same bountiful Creator for a continuation of His many favors to mankind. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the same intentions.

In the beautiful symbolism of the Church, the vestments which the priest wears at Mass show the close connection between the Sacrifice of the Altar and the Sacrifice of Calvary. The Amice which the priest wears over his shoulders under all the vestments represents the veil with which the enemies of our Savior covered His face when they said in

THE SIGN

mocking, "Prophesy to us, O Christ, who it is that struck thee!" The long white robe, called the Alb, symbolizes the white garment in which King Herod clothed our Lord in derision. After donning the Alb, the priest girds himself with a Cincture which typifies the cords with which Christ was bound in the Garden of Gethsemani, at the scourging and as He carried His Cross. The Maniple, which hangs loosely from the lower left arm of the priest, typifies the linen cloth offered Christ by Veronica on the way to Calvary. The Stole, a sign of authority, which encircles the neck of the priest, denotes the purple mantle of royalty which the soldiers of the Roman Governor Pilate placed on our Savior to mock Him as a pretended king. The Chasuble, or outer vestment of the priest, is intended to recall to our minds the seamless garment of Christ for which the soldiers cast lots after His crucifixion. The cross on the Chasuble reminds us that Christ died upon the cross.

THE identity of the Mass with the Sacrifice of Calvary is still further shown by the ceremonies of the Mass. Like the vestments of the Mass, these ceremonies have a symbolical meaning. Each word, each act of the priest, has reference to the Passion and Death of Our Lord. They vividly portray the tragedy of the Cross from Gethsemani to Calvary. Christ speaks and moves in the priest. When at the beginning of the Mass the priest leaves the sacristy and goes to the foot of the altar, he represents Our Lord leaving the Supper Room, wending His way with His apostles through the streets of Jerusalem, and entering the Garden of Gethsemani. The priest prays at the foot of the altar to indicate the prayer of Jesus in the Garden of Olives. At the *Confiteor* the priest bows profoundly even as Christ lay prostrate on the ground in prayer and agony. The priest ascends to the altar. How expressive this action of Our Lord's going forward to meet His enemies who, under the leadership of Judas, had come to the Garden of Gethsemani to apprehend Him! On reaching the altar, the priest kisses it. This kiss is symbolical of the kiss of Judas, who betrayed his Master with a kiss. The priest now moves to the Epistle side of the altar to signify how Christ was led away a prisoner to the high priests Annas and Caiphas.

In the priest reciting the *Introit* and the prayers following we behold Christ in the Jewish courts where He was interrogated, buffeted, and adjudged worthy of death. At the conclusion of the *Introit* and prayers, the priest returns to the middle of the altar and repeats the *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*. This alternate repetition recalls the triple denial

of the apostle Peter that he knew his Lord and Master. As Peter denied Him, Jesus turned and looked on him. This incident in our Lord's Passion is recalled by the priest turning to the people after the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* and saying *Dominus Vobiscum*. As the priest reads the Epistle, he personifies Christ before the Roman Governor Pilate. The Epistle finished, the priest again goes to the middle of the altar and prays in silence. This action is reminiscent of that memorable scene of the silent Christ before the wicked King Herod to whom Pilate had sent our Savior in order to escape the responsibility of putting an innocent man to death. While the priest prays in silence the Mass book is moved.

AT the Gospel our Lord in the person of the priest is once more before Pilate who again questions Him concerning Himself and His doctrines. The priest now reverently recites the *Credo*. By antithesis or contradiction the Church vividly pictures to us in the *Credo* the angry cries of the Jews: "Away with this Man! Give us Barabbas! Crucify Him! Let His blood be on us and our children!" With almost magic rapidity the action of the Mass now moves on. The chalice is uncovered, recalling the scourging of Jesus when He was stripped of His garments by the soldiers and beaten with rods. The Pall, or small linen cover, is left on the Chalice as a sign that Our Lord was not only stripped and scourged but was crowned with thorns. This part of the Mass is called the Offertory. The Offertory corresponds with that stage of our Lord's Passion at which the Roman Governor Pilate condemned Him to death. The priest here washes his hands as Pilate went through the ceremony of washing his hands publicly to place the guilt of Christ's death on the Jews and clear himself of the crime of legal murder.

The Preface follows the Offertory. In the Preface, with a dramatic realism that stirs the mind and heart illumined by faith, the Liturgy presents to us the tumultuous spectacle of Our Lord's condemnation to death. With a loud voice the priest breaks the silence by the solemn recitation of the Preface. How like the shouts of triumphant joy by the mob when Pilate retired into the palace after having given sentence according to the will of the Jews that Jesus Christ should be crucified. The Preface over, the Canon of the Mass begins. With the Canon the sorrowful procession starts on its way to Calvary. The crowds that lined the streets of Jerusalem as our Savior carried His Cross mocked and denied Him, but the Church as if to express her sorrow at this sight directs her minister to lower his voice and utter the words of this part

THE [†] SIGN

of the Canon in a tone inaudible to all save himself.

THE Consecration and Elevation mark the arrival on Calvary. The words of the Consecration are the nails which mystically fasten our Lord to the Eucharistic Cross of Sacrifice. The Consecrated Bread and Wine are raised aloft as Jesus was lifted up on the cross. The priest continues to pray in secret. All is hushed even as all nature was hushed at the Crucifixion. Later on, the silence is broken just as the heavy silence of nature over Calvary was broken by the tumult of the elements. The *Pater Noster* is heard. It contains seven petitions and the seven petitions may be taken as representing the seven last words spoken by our Savior upon the cross. Amid the darkness which settled down on Calvary there were some that feared and cried out in their hearts for mercy. Mother Church puts their plea for mercy in the words: "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world have mercy on us." Soon after His seven memorable words upon the cross our Redeemer died. Shortly after the *Pater Noster*, by the consumption of the Sacred Species of Bread and Wine by the priest Our Lord mystically bows His head and gives up the ghost.

After the Communion of the Mass the Chalice is purified by the priest, reminding us how our Lord after His Death upon Calvary was taken down from the cross and laid on the arms of His sorrowful Mother. The Chalice is now covered to indicate the burial of our Savior in the rock-hewn tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. The prayer after Communion, signifies the Resurrection of Christ from the dead.

In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the infinite merits of Christ's Passion and Death are offered to God for us. Because the Mass is the continuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary it outranks all the sacrifices that were offered in the Old Law. This great Sacrifice of the New Law gives supreme worship to God because a Divine Victim is offered to Him in adoration. The adorable Sacrifice of the altar is as meritorious as the Sacrifice of Calvary, for the victim is the same Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of the Most High God. The Father will indeed hear the Son because of the love and reverence He bears Him.

By piously assisting at Holy Mass we can cleanse our souls of venial sin through the infinite merits of the Divine Victim immolated. Through it we are made recipients of many benefits. By the Holy Sacrifice of the altar we can adequately thank God for His many favors to us. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we have a Victim capable of obtaining any blessing from God.

Since the Sacrifice of the altar is the Sacrifice of the Cross, we should esteem it a privilege to be present at this adorable Sacrifice. Had we been living when Christ died upon the Cross surely it would have been a great privilege to be present upon Calvary with Mary, the sorrowful Mother, St. John, and Mary Magdalen!

In the holy Sacrifice of the Mass the Church offers public worship to God. For this reason Mother Church by precept obliges her children to attend Holy Mass on Sundays and Holidays. The Church is a religious society. As such she is bound, not only in her individual members but as a whole, to offer God at stated times the supreme act of religion which in the New Law is the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. Sundays and Holydays are special days set aside by the Church in fulfilment of her obligation publicly to honor God in Himself or through His saints. On these days the whole Church unites in offering to God the Victim of Calvary as a Victim of Homage, a Victim of Expiation, a Victim of Thanksgiving, a Victim of Propitiation.

THE angels invisibly attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In awe and silence they gather around the altar of the Eucharistic Sacrifice as in awe and silence they gathered around the Altar of Calvary. Had we eyes to see we should behold them bowed in humble adoration before the Divine Victim slain upon the altar. Like the angels we should bow down during Mass in humble adoration before the Divine Victim; our attention should be riveted on the stupendous mystery that is taking place before us. If our faith be what it ought to be, if we believe that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary, we shall not find it difficult to keep our attention fixed on the altar during the Sacred Mysteries. Piety and devotion should mark our every thought, our every word, our every act, while Jesus Christ is immolated for us, and confidence in His mercy should fill our hearts.

The Holy Mass is the very heart of our Catholic Religion. If you take it out of our churches, you have left in them all the emptiness of Protestantism. It is the Mass that matters, not only as a subject of controversy between Catholics and non-Catholics, but also and principally as giving to our Catholics a form of worship that is worthy of the majesty of the Lord God Almighty. Weak, sinful creatures as we are, how dare we come into the presence of God with no other offering than one of our own devising. In the Mass we are privileged to offer the Christ of Calvary to His Father.

The French Graves

The Witness of a Loyal Love and Great Fidelity

By JOHN AYSCOUGH

BETWEEN Greatsea Harbor and Longcliff Harbor hangs that solid block of land on which the town of Greatport, swallowing in its growth half a dozen separate villages, has become one of the most populous in Southern England. To anyone glancing casually at a map that block of land would seem a peninsula: a closer observation would show that it is just separated from the body of the country by a narrow channel, and is in fact an island: and Greatsea Island is its name.

Greatsea Harbor is a triangle, whose apex (only four hundred paces or so in width) admits the sea and tides: its northern lateral is four miles long, its eastern and western something more. The road along that north shore of the huge tidal basin is often separated by long reaches of mud from the water, and as often the water lies almost along its edge. On the landward side the road runs under a long curved rampart, crowned with forts, which cuts off the whole region completely from the country; immediately beyond it, the country is wooded, rural, and remote-seeming. Descending the northward slopes of that escarpment you would find nothing to remind you that you had but just left the sight of the sea: no sea smell would be in your nostrils, and you would find it hard to remember that a great and crowded port lay near, behind you and the ridge. You would enter a region of hamlets and villages nestled among deep green lanes, entirely unoccupied with sea affairs or sea interests.

This peculiar isolation of Greatsea Island gives it a special character.

The town, and its docks, began upon the eastern and extreme southern lips of the harbor. Forced to spread northways and eastways, only the middle portion of the east coast of the island remains partly unbuilt upon. That coast is skirted by the western tides of Longcliff harbor, where there are no docks, no towns, and no thick population. That harbor is partly enclosed by Grayling Island: and of that harbor also the mouth is very narrow.

FIVE and thirty years ago, a member of its Garrison, I lived for some time at Greatport: and being landward-bred, and a country-lover, it

used to vex me that we were so cut off from the real country behind the fort-crested ridge. I discovered that about Weir, in the island itself, there was still left a rural patch; that Weir was still a true village, with pastures still grazed by placid kine, twisting lanes overshadowed by ancient elms, and a little rustic population of genuine peasants.

This country spot was even then of narrowing dimensions: I believe it has vanished now and its site become covered with streets of mean houses. Even then there was, a field or two from the village, one object that had to be forgotten before the pleasant illusion of being out in the calm, unpulsed country could be indulged. It was a prison, that had been (I fancy) a fort, built maybe during our Napoleonic wars, and used then for the interment of some French prisoners. To that effect there was, at any rate, a tradition in the village of Weir.

"Sir," said my informant, "you may see some of their graves in the churchyard now. Most of them that died in prison, of the jail fever and what-not, had only wood crosses set over where they were laid: and it was no one's business to put up new ones when they rotted away. But two are stone graves. And in one of them my grandfather lies. Though he was a prisoner you'll mind there was nothing against him but being French. He was most respectable."

This informant was an old woman, but still it seemed to me that in her face were evidences of the clear, definiteness of the Latin type. Her married name was English enough, but she had been once Henriette Larrieu. In the churchyard I found two headstones side by side, on the north side of the church. One was inscribed:

Ci-gît Gabriel Bontou
Mort prisonnier de guerre
le 10 7 bre 1809
Agé de 19 ans.

The other stone was larger, both taller and broader, and had the following inscription:

Ci-gît Henri Larrieu
Ci-devant Sergent XX Rt. A. F.
n. à Lyon le 9 Mai 1789
M. à Weir le 6 8 bre 1816.

THE \dagger SIGN

And under it

And Mary Larrieu, his widow,
dr. of John and Mary Mabb
d. Xmas Day 1860.

And beneath that

Also Henry Larrieu
Son of the last-named
Died 3rd Feb. 1876.

These three notices filled completely the face of the round-headed slab of slate. On the back was

James Voller d. 5th Aug. 1879.
whose relict Henriette Voller
was daur. of Henry and Mary Larrieu.

That Henriette Voller, daughter of Henry and Mary Larrieu was my informant.

ON my next visit to Weir I called again upon Mrs. Voller, and found her in bed, but down in the living-room of her cottage.

"Well, sir," she said, "I'm not so particular ill now. But I've *been* ill—and bad enough too, and on the whole it's less trouble for all parties for me to lie here till I can do for myself. My married daughter lives next door, and she can look in easier, in the middle of her work, than if she had to go upstairs, for her knee's crazy, and our stair's crooked and awkward. And I can see more *life* here when the door stands open."

I told her I had visited the graves in the churchyard.

"Well," said she, "we keep them in order, now and then scraping the letters out; they'd be mossed up, long ago, else. Young Bontou was no kin of ours, only my grandfather's friend. And while she lived my grandmother looked to the words on his grave, and so I learnt to keep it up. She was at his funeral, being as grandfather couldn't."

"Why not, if you won't mind my asking."

"Why should I mind? It's seventy five years ago since Gabriel was buried, and it can't do any harm telling of it now. But you see, when he died in the fort, grandfather was *here*: in this house, hidden, and no one supposed to know, and p'raps no one did know. So my mother went for him to the funeral, and took a posy o' flowers, as she'd gethered in our garden, to lay on the grave. Grandfather had made the posy, and he kissed each flower as he put it in (he was French, you see) and tied it all with red yarn, and blue, and white. 'Au revoir, Gabriel' he said when he was tying them, and then he kissed the lot, and gave them to grandmother to take. She was to drop the posy in the grave while the sexton shovelled the earth

in. The party from the fort was gone then. Till she dropped the flowers in on the coffin she held them with her hand over the red white and blue yarns. She's told me about it often. There was a sea-fog with rain in it (very bleak for September) and, though most from the village had come to see the foreigner buried, they truned home when the soldiers marched off. That night, when all i' the village were abed, my grandfather went himself to the grave 'pour faire mes apologies à mon ami' he told grandmother."

"You can talk French?"

"Very little. Hardly any. Grandmother could—and she was forever trying to make me learn: but my tongue never got round it—only where she would (telling me stories about her husband) bring in a word or two he had said she would *make* me learn those. She lived forty four years after burying him by Gabriel, but she was as much taken up with him, for all he was French, as if she was going to marry him next day."

"Perhaps all the more taken up because he was French?" I suggested.

"That's it, I doubt, sir. She said, 'He had no one here but me, and his own folks far away: and none o' them able as much as to come and see where he lies.' And grandfather, by her accounts, was different from the country people and long-shore folk here's about. More like a gentleman: with all manner of thoughts, and great tales to tell of Lyons and Paris, and battles and that. And then he was wonderfully handsome, a deal handsomer than his son that was my father. She used to say, 'The men you see here have their faces all mixed up, noses, mouths and cheeks all in a caddle, and putty eyes, not like his French face that didn't look the leavings of a dozen faces patched together.' Eh! She was fine and taken up with him, for all he'd been dead so long. He a'most made a French-woman of her. Waterloo nigh broke his heart: he was ill before and he never plucked up after. She'd never speak glad like o' Waterloo. It had killed her man for her: that was all she could think about it."

"He had escaped from the fort? You said that when Gabriel died he was hiding here."

"Yes. He escaped; that was wonderful too."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"And welcome, if you'd care to hear, Sir. And it's raining, so you'd as well bide a bit: for it's not come on to last all night. This storm'll not last more than half an hour maybe."

IT was evident that she was ready enough to tell her story, perhaps the only touch of romance whereby her own family had been a little dis-

THE \dagger SIGN

tinguished from the other families of the little village. I expect all the same that she had heard the story oftener than she had told it. To the end of her life her grandmother's talk had turned most willingly upon the theme of her long-lost French husband. This fact, that Mrs. Voller was rather repeating from memory the narrative of another than one of her own telling, gave it a certain unusual quality. One could at times perceive in her phrases the still effective influence of a woman of more advanced refinement, subtler sympathy. Yet the tale also bore her own stamp, and, in the main, was couched in her own less practised speech.

"Grammother's father and mother came to this cottage when they got married. John and Mary Mabb their names were. He worked at the mill over yonder, her father was a skipper, with a vessel of his own, and a bit of a smuggler, some said. He'd run across to France, and come back with a mixed cargo—some of it, p'raps, as should have been reported to the Customs, and never was. He'd take his daughter now and then, and she'd a good eye for lace and that. She'd often tell Mary, her daughter (my grandmother) about France and the French people—and she liked them, and I suppose that got the girl (as I remember an old woman) ready to like a Frenchman. One thing she had learned in France was how to wash linen better than the poor folk round abouts could. And she taught Mary, and as Mary grew nearly up they did a good bit o' laundry betwixt them. For there were soldiers in the fort (what's the prison now) and officers, too. I don't think that among the French prisoners there were officers; if there were any, they were soon drafted up country a bit, lest maybe they should find, so near the coast, means to get to sea and escape. There are always boats long-shore, and where there's boats there's generally those as'd think no harm to help a man in trouble (French or no French) who offered a bit for the help. So if any officer-prisoners *were* brought to the fort here, it'd only be for a night or two after landing. But there were non-commissioned officers, sergeants, corporals and that; and some of them liked to be as decent in their dress as could be; and if they earned anything would lay out in laundry work, and even on a new shirt, or a pair o' socks or that. Grammother and *her* mother did work o' both sorts, not only for the soldiers and their officers—our English soldiers and officers, but for the prisoners as well. Many's the shirt, grammother told me, my mother and I made for them, and we'd put as fine work in our work for the French sergeants as for the English officers—if the linen, or flannel was coarser. And many's the

pair o' socks we knitted for them. And whiles we sewed or knitted, by the fire here, my mother would talk of the trips her father had taken her across to France, of processions she'd seen over there, church-processions, of the churches crowded with men as well as women and children, and the ships hanging up in them, given by sailors or their parents or their wives in thanksgiving because they'd got safe home to port in some bad storm.

"**G**RAMMOTHER could see then that her mother liked the French religion—our Catholic Religion—better than the Protestant: not because she'd been taught it, or understood much about it, but because she felt the heart in it. However, they were both Protestants themselves then, my grandmother and *her* mother. But they liked to talk about the French and *their* religion, and grandmother liked to hear about the nuns her mother had seen over there and all the good they did among the poor folk mostly, but among rich and poor. How they nursed the sick, both at their own homes and in hospitals, how they taught the little children so that they knew their religion far better than our children hereabouts knew theirs, and how they got them ready to make their first confessions and first holy communions and all. Grammother's mother had seen a lot of them, girls and boys, make their first Communions, and she told how it was a lovely sight, and grandmother always longed to see it; however, all that's nothing to do with grandfather's escape from the fort here. It's not grandmother but her mother as knew him first. Though she took her daughter with her to the fort, to help carry back the clean linen, and help bring home here what was for wash, she didn't encourage the girl to talk a lot with any in the fort, officers or men, for Mary (that's my grandmother, and she'd stare to hear me call her Mary, if she could hear me) was handsome, not so much pretty, and her mother was strict enough.

"However she herself (grandmother's mother) liked well enough to make friends with the prisoners, and p'raps was a bit proud to show off the scraps o' French she'd picked up in her trips. She was well liked by the English soldiers, too, being pleasant spoken and useful, and obliging. She knew a lot of home doctoring, and if a corporal or a sergeant had a cough or a cold, a sore throat, or a stiff neck or that, she'd bring them cures—or advise a glass o' stiff grog to go to bed on, and they always liked that medicine, like others do as aren't soldiers. She'd a wonderful sore-throat medicine made of honey and rum with a tiny drop o' poppy liquor mixed in it, and many a bottle of it she would give them. Doctoring them for noth-

THE T SIGN

ing, they'd not have the face to be very surly about lettin' her do what she could now and then for the poor foreigners, if one o' them was sick.

"There was an Irish doctor belonging to the troops, and he took a fancy to her, and she to him. His assistant, he'd call her, or his orderly, and so on. 'Mrs. Mabb's medicine is what *you* want,' he'd say, laughing, many's the time. And this Irish doctor, O'Connor was his name, was very kind to the prisoners himself. 'They're of my own religion,' he'd tell my grandmother's mother. 'And all the better for it,' she'd say. Well, she got to know Sergeant Larrieu pretty soon after he was brought to the fort, and from the start she liked him, and he her, and Dr. O'Connor, he liked him too. The young fellow was so smart, so self-respecting, never letting himself down or getting slack or dirty, or untidy. And both the doctor and his 'assistant' liked him all the better for being as he was a proper Catholic, good-living and a clean talker, and steady, and sticking to his religion as well as he could in there. He wore his medal, and read his prayers, and ate no meat o' Fridays, nor soup wi' meat in it (as they got oftener than real meat), and crossed himself when he said his prayers, and all his poor meals too, as he did after when they were better. He'd sharp eyes, Dr. O'Connor had, and he told Mrs. Mabb: 'That young sergeant Larrieu's the right sort o' Catholic. Not all are. He might have been born and bred in the county Roscommon like me.' Then he laughed, and she said 'So you're the right sort o' Catholic, you mean?' and she laughed too. 'Don't I tell you,' says he, 'I'm from the county Roscommon?'

"Well, he made no objections to her doctoring Sergeant Larrieu with her honey and rum cure, or talking to him when she brought his clean shirts and socks, or a new shirt, or a new pair o' socks she or her daughter had knitted. The first time she told him her daughter had knitted the pair she brought him, he flushed finely, and looked up quick, but said nothing, but she was sure he kissed them when she'd left him, for she turned her head and caught him. That was how he began courting grandmother. And it didn't go on very quick, for he seemed well to understand that her mother didn't want her to talk to him, nor for him to talk to her. Sometimes Mrs. Mabb would take one of the English Officers or Sergeants a little fruit or a posy o' flowers. And sometimes Mary, her daughter, would wear a flower or two in her dress. And once she dropped one: and Sergeant Larrieu picked it up pretty quick. He didn't wear it, but it's in his prayer-book still, as I have here. Look, Sir! When he was dying he asked her to let it lie

(the flower I mean) on his heart in his grave. 'Leave it to me' she begged him, 'all the flowers in the garden shall go with you there, but let me keep this one, that has been yours so long. Give it me for a present.' And he let her keep it."

"**A**BOUT the time Grandfather Larrieu came to the fort, my grandmother's mother had invented a new way of fetching the linen. It had grown too heavy for the two women to carry home in clothes baskets, so Mrs. Mabb had a sort o' go-cart made, on low iron wheels, something like those you see in the dockyard at Greatport now: only to make it lighter it wasn't made o' solid wood, but only the frame was solid, with slats o' wood across, and the slats at the bottom stronger than those at the sides to carry the weight o' the linen, as is heavy enough: the trolley had a handle in front to pull it by, and a bar behind so as one or two could push as well. Mrs. Mabb did the pulling, and my grandmother pushed: if there was a good lot o' linen, her mother's brother, a good bit younger than Mrs. Mabb helped push. Zeahy Mabb his name was: a soft, silly creature he was, not too strong in the upper storey, as we say, but strong in the arms and as faithful as a dog.

"Well, it had been a soppy, rainy season all summer, wi' plenty o' thick fogs, and there was a deal o' sickness, coughs and sore throats, and (what was worse) the gaol-fever was raging among the prisoners and spread to the English soldiers too. Some said it was due to the crowding, some said it was the unhealthy low position of the fort, with the steamy moat round it. The rains had filled the moat to the brim, and often over, and some say the filth o' the fort drained into it. Doctor O'Connor was always complainin' o' that, and he used to scold the men finely if he caught them throwing refuse over into the moat, potato-peelings, cabbage-stalks and what not, as'd rot and stink there. We never heard much o' the gaol-fever, except from my grandmother, and I daresay she understood little enough about it, or what caused it. She told me that the French used afterwards (when peace came, and prisoners went home), to complain a lot, and say our Government was blamed heavily by the French King's Government because of it, making out that the prisons weren't rightly attended to, or right precautions taken against this gaol-fever: though she admitted, for all she was forever sticking up for the French against our Government, that our own prisoners, when they came back from France, said it had been as bad over there, in the French prisons. Anyway, it was bad in the fort here, and many died, among French and English too.

DOCTOR O'CONNOR was forever complaining, but he did much more than just complain: he worked hard and was well spoken of for skill and energy. Many o' the guard were laid down with the fever, and p'raps the guards weren't so strict in looking after the prisoners, having themselves to think of, as they had been. Nor the officers so sharp in looking after the guards. P'raps that was how the scheme Mrs. Mabb carried out came to be carried out just as she planned it. Sergeant Larrieu fell sick (whether it was really o' the gaol-fever, or not, I never rightly made out.) He seemed to struggle against the illness, and was loath to bide in bed, but kept up and helped all he could among the sick. However, one day when the fog was as thick as flannel, and you could hardly see your hand if you held your arm out, he was so shivery that he did keep lying down, half an hour at a time, then rising to do some job, then getting to his blankets again. Even when he was up he'd talk silly, and always in French, though he'd learned English quite well by then, and they as heard him thought he was light-headed, wandering like, wi' the fever.

"It was near tea-time, and dark for the time o' year owing to the fog. The lamps and candles were lighted in the rooms and casemates, or it would ha' been too dark, and that made it seem, to them as were used to the light inside, darker out o' doors than what it really was. Grammother and her uncle Zeahy, and her mother had been up to the fort with the trolley loaded with the clean stuff, but they only brought back some clothing for wash as belonged to officers and men as were free from fever; they never mixed them with the linen from the sick ones. They'd left the fort, and Sergeant Larrieu was lying on his bed, rolled up in his blankets. 'Larry,' one o' the soldiers called out, 'get up and come to your tea.' This soldier was called O'Brien and, like Doctor O'Connor, was an Irishman. He always called the Frenchman 'Larry' and was very friendly to him. O'Brien was a young soldier, rather, but well thought of by the officers for readiness, and well liked by all for being a merry chap, and kind-hearted. He was a Lance-Corporal and like to be promoted soon. 'Larry,' says he, 'come over to your tea. It'll warm you.' But Larrieu only mumbled a word or two in French and took no notice. 'Very well, I'll bring it over to you,' says O'Brien, and he filled a tin mug wi' hot tea, took a good slice o' bread and drappin' and carried it over to where Larrieu lay with the blanket snugged round his head and shoulders. He lay quite near the window o' the casemate. 'Come, Larry!' says the lance-corporal, 'turn round and drink your tea.' Larry muttered a word and turned

round: his face looked red and hot, either because it had been covered with the blanket, or because o' the fever. O'Brien thought it was the fever, especially as the French sergeant's eyes were unnaturally bright, and he seemed drowsy and muzzled. Larrieu's hand, too, as he took the mug, shook, and O'Brien said 'Steady on, man, or you'll be spillin' it.' Larrieu, before he started to drink, made a face, reevin' his nose up, as a person might do who perceived a nasty smell. He turned a look at the window, as was tight-shut, and made the face again. 'It is close enough, for sure,' says O'Brien. It was close weather, not cold, one o' those muggy fogs, not one o' the chilly sort: and the casemate was a little one. At the table only one man was sittin' at his tea. The others were lying on their beds sleeping, like soldiers love doing, or hadn't yet come in from the canteen or where not. 'Open it a minute or two, the place stinks,' said Larrieu in English. O'Brien didn't think a breath of air, foggy as it was would do any harm, and he was willing to oblige Larrieu. 'Well,' says he, 'it can only be for a minute or so. The others'll grumble if they wake and find the place cold and full o' fog.' However, he opened the window, and went to his tea.

'It's as thick outside,' he said to the other man at the table, 'as wool. You can't see the moat nor half way down to it.'

THE moat was right under the window, about twenty feet down.

Larrieu was drinking his tea, making an unusual noise with it, for he'd good table-manners, and the lance-corporal heard him, and looked across at the other man, who nodded and whispered across the table: 'He's got it right enough, he's not himself.' O'Brien nodded too, and whispered: 'I'll go and report to the doctor.' The other man who liked his smoke better than tea, had soon finished, and he got up and went over to the fire to light his pipe. Just then someone put his head in at the door, made a 'St' with his tongue, and beckoned O'Brien with his head to go to him.

"'Lance Corporal,' he whispered, 'Young Bontou, Larry's chum, has got the fever: very bad too. They've taken him to the hospital ward. I thought I'd come and tell you, so's you'd be able to tell Larry....'

"If Larrieu had heard them he might never have done what he was doing: it's pretty sure he wouldn't, he being so taken up with his friend Gabriel. But he didn't hear. O'Brien and the other soldier had stepped just outside the door, on purpose he should not hear. The man who was lighting his pipe was bending down over the fire,

THE † SIGN

with a spill o' paper in his hand, and his back to the room. Larrieu flung the blankets on one side and jumped off his bed, and in his stocking-feet that made no sound on the stone floor, ran to the window—and jumped out. What with the fog and the distance down, the plump of his body as he fell into the moat made no great noise, though of course it made some. The man at the fire was too busy over his pipe-lighting to be listening much, besides he was an old soldier and a bit hard of hearing. The lance-corporal and the other soldier were outside in the gallery, with the door drawn to, though not shut, and *they* didn't hear. It was not till O'Brien came back to finish his tea that he saw Larrieu was not on his bed. By that time Larrieu was on the other side of the moat, where my grandmother, and her mother, and Zeahy Mabb were waiting, in the fog with the trolley only half-full o' linen for wash. They soon had him in the trolley covered up with sheets and shirts and what not, and soon were trundling him and trolley and all down the bit o' sloping field to the village.

"That's how Sergeant Larrieu escaped, and they never caught him. They thought he lay drowned in the moat, as they searched to find him, but never did. The fever in the fort was grown so bad that night, with ever so many new cases, and bad ones, that I daresay there was less fuss and search for the body than there would ha' been, if all had been less busy. Several officers went down that night, including the Commandant, and pretty bad he was, so there was a lot of extra fuss, and extra work for all. The doctor's hands were fuller than ever that he asked for many of the soldiers to help as nurses and orderlies. Among those that died was Gabriel Bontou, and grandfather Larrieu when he knew was half-wild that he had not been there to help nurse him, and comfort him in his illness. I expect God let it be so, for Larrieu could not have saved Gabriel's life, and would more likely have lost his own. Anyway, he'd never have got out o' the fort, and my grandmother would never ha' been his wife, nor been the beginning o' the Catholics in our family.

"She became a Catholic, and so did Mrs. Mabb, her mother. Granfather and Granmother Larrieu had seven children, all Catholics, of course. Only Henry Larrieu, my father, lies here. The three daughters all married Irish soldiers, when the Inniskillings lay here at Greatport, and went away with their husbands when the Regiment left. Their brothers Gabriel and Louis enlisted in the regiment, and married Irish wives and went to live in Ireland. Only Henry, the eldest, bided here and married a Weir girl, my mother. They had several children besides me, all scattered, and all dead except me.

Like father, I married one of Weir, and made a Catholic of him. My brothers Henry and Gabriel took to sea, and bought a little lugger between them with the wages they saved as sailors, and they both lived in Dieppe and married Frenchwomen. My sisters, Emma and Carry both married Irish soldiers, out of the old 8th, and lived afterwards in Ireland. We've all had children, like our aunts and uncles. So Grandfather Larrieu's escape has ended in his having left a power o' Catholic children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. And I expect, Sir, my talk's about muzzled you, but the rain's only just held up. And if you'd walked back instead of biding in shelter, you'd ha' been fine and wet by now."

So that was the story of the French graves in Weir churchyard, and it came, like wistful breath, out of the past, quiet, though coming from unquiet days, and somehow witnessing a great, loyal love, and a great fidelity.

The Kansas Complex

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL, for five years editor of the largest paper in Kansas, tells why men leave Kansas, in the *American Mercury*:

"The Kansans are independent thinkers. They put H. G. Wells out of their lives and public libraries because they do not agree with him about the origin of animal life on this globe. The mere fact that people in New York or St. Louis read his books does not impress the independent Kansan as any reason why he himself should read them, or permit them to be read within the borders of his State. The rest of the country may have its doubts about, say, faith-healers, but such doubts have no effect upon the mind of Kansas. The towns and cities of the State hail and enrich whole droves of faith-healers of every known variety all the year round. I have read on the first page of a Kansas newspaper, as a sober recital of fact, a circumstantial story of a miracle performed by a female faith-healer who drove a storm away before proceeding to heal the multitude with applications of olive oil and prayer. This wonder woman mispronounced a very large percentage of the commonest English words, but she measured her Kansas winnings by the bucketful at a season when the doctors of medicine were obliged to put off the rent collectors until there should be a better crop of corn.

Kansas, indeed, is a fine place for merchanting new ideas about the coinage and the hidden meaning of the *Apocalypse*. But it is no place for an editor who desires any sleep.

Our Missionary Sisters in Shenchowfu

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for November, 1924)



UR readers by this time must have some idea of the trials of our missionaries in China. Hunan, being far in the interior, is in a far worse plight than missions near the coast. Even to reach it means for our missionaries several weeks of living aboard small Chinese river boats, huddled together with barely enough room to lie down at night. Their province is overrun with bandits; their people, after the recent scourges of famine and war, are beggars; babies are left daily at the mission compounds; the sick and starving besiege them constantly.

Nevertheless, we see not only on ever-increasing number of young priests facing these hardships; but now, for the first time since the beginning of our mission, a band of Sisters, five American young ladies of the highest culture and refinement, have set out for Shenchowfu. When this issue of *THE SIGN* reaches you, they shall probably be huddled together on a sampan, sailing the Yangtse-Kiang.

Some good people, especially among those who know what our Passionist priests are facing in Hunan, might ask us why we do not wait until conditions improve before sending women there. In reply, let us quote a few lines from the veteran Chinese missionary, Fr. Ford, A. F. M. S.

"I think it is true," he writes, "that there is very little future for any Mission that has not Sisters working there... We must admit heretofore a serious defect in our Chinese system of evangelization, and it is this—until recent times we had very few Sisters in China; and our work among both pagans and Christians was lopsided. We were forced to concentrate on the conversion of the men; and it was not unusual to find a village of one hundred Catholic men and but two or three Catholic women. The fault lay not in the missionaries but between rigid Chinese etiquette and the absence of Catholic Sisters. The Catholic Church in China is only now beginning to appreciate the mother of the home; and Chinese women are entering into their new rights as Christian mothers to safeguard

their religion. This is the work of the Sisters. Now that they are in China, we may look for numerous examples of truly Christian families, a better instructed growing generation, a superior valuation of woman on the part of Christians, and a gradual refinement of thought and action. This will not be accomplished overnight, but it is inevitable wherever Sisters work."

AS Rt. Rev. Msgr. Duffy remarked in giving their commission to these five brave souls, "In you the Chinese are going to see *living types of ideal Catholic womanhood*, and it is going to do them more good than all the sermons or books that could be written."

Thus you understand why our Catholic women are giving up comfort and home and country to live among the Chinese, to teach their children, to mother their orphans, to care for their sick, to face a life of privation and hardship and loneliness.

Ah, is not this a wonderful proof of the divinity of our Holy Faith? Who but a Divine Lover could draw thousands upon thousands of our gentlest and purest women year after year and century after century to spend themselves, unknown and neglected, not only in the schoolroom, the hospital, the orphanage and the asylum, but even among the blacks of Africa, the savages of the Pacific and the yellow men in China.

Surely our hearts ought to swell with pride for our Catholic Sisters, and we ought to thank God that we are their spiritual kindred, that we are privileged to help them in their labors.

Very soon our Sisters shall begin their first winter in Hunan. These winters are far more severe than our own, and our missionaries have little or no protection from the cold. We ask the members of the Archconfraternity to pray for these young women, especially during this month of November. You can keep in touch with them and their adventures through the pages of *THE SIGN*. It will encourage them to know you are reading about them. It will increase your faith to know what they are doing for love of Christ Crucified.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to *THE SIGN*, West Hoboken, N. J.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

MASONRY

Will you kindly publish the history and origin of "Masonry." The question often arises and we cannot give an intelligent answer.—M. E. H., Philadelphia, Pa.

We must first say a few words about the nature of Masonry. Masonry professes to be "the activity of closely united men who, employing symbolical forms borrowed principally from the mason's trade and from architecture, work for the welfare of mankind, striving morally to ennoble themselves and others and thereby to bring about a universal league of mankind, which they aspire to exhibit even now on a small scale." (Universal Manual of Freemasonry)

This definition contains also the a wed purposes of Masonry "to ennoble themselves," "to work for the welfare of mankind," "to bring about a universal league of mankind." But its real purpose is to spread "its own simple and sublime creed taught by Nature and Reason." (Pike 1,271). It aims to free mankind "from the bondage of Despotism and the thralldom of spiritual Tyranny;" hence the thirtieth degree (Kadosh) tramples on the papal tiara and the royal crown.

Few Masons, however, are really initiated into the secrets of Masonry. Most are "blue" or "knife and fork" Masons. They know nothing of Masonic secrets, they are "grovelling in Egyptian darkness." (Freemasons Chronicle 1878,11,28). "The pretended possession of mysterious secrets has enabled Blue Masonry to number its initiates by tens of thousands. Never were any pretences to the possession of mysterious knowledge so baseless and so absurd as those of the Blue and Royal Arch Chapter Degrees." Pike IV,388.

Origin and History. It is almost impossible to obtain accurate information as to the origin and history of Masonry. The documents dealing with the society's past are, for the most part, collections of fantastic stories, preposterous theories. "The historical portion of old records," writes Mackey (Encyclopedia of Freemasonry), "as written by Anderson, Preston, Smith, Calcott and other writers of that generation, was little more than a collection of fables, so absurd as to excite the smile of every reader."

A history—or what pretended to be a history—of Freemasonry under the title "The Constitutions of Free Masons" was published in 1723. This book asserts by implication that God, the Great Architect, founded the Masonic Order, that among its illustrious members of ancient days was Adam, the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Law—even our divine Lord is included in the list and is ranked as a Grand Master. Free Masons are credited with building Noah's Ark, the Temple of Solomon, the Pyramids, the Tower of Babel, etc. Later authors assert that Masonry arose from the Druidic, Eleusinian, or Mithraic mysteries. Some even pretend to have found the masonic symbol in the geologic remains of the Tertiary Period.

The reader will consequently appreciate the difficulty in getting rational data about Masonry. However, notwithstanding the colorful demands made for it, it is now quite certain that Masonry as we know it to-day does not date further back than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Modern Freemasonry, as the best authorities admit, began with the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, June 24, 1717.

Development in England. In the beginning the ritual of admission was very simple. At that time likewise there was but one degree. In 1723 two degrees were recognized, "Entered Apprentice" and "Fellow." In 1730 the degree of "Master" was added and in 1743 a fourth degree, the "Royal Arch," is mentioned.

A rival Grand Lodge, known as the "York Masons," was established in 1751. This lodge grew to such an extent that when union between the two lodges was effected in 1813, the ritual of the "York Masons" was adopted.

Development in Other Countries of Europe. Masonry soon spread from England to France and Germany. Until 1737, the English ritual was followed; after 1738, however, the "Scottish" rite supplanted the "English." The Scottish Masons maintained that they were descendants of the Knights Templar, whereas the English were reputed to be simply a development of the medieval stone-cutters' guilds. The idea of reputed relationship with the Knights was more acceptable than relationship with stone-cutters; hence the popularity of the Scottish rite.

Yet even in the eighteenth century there was division in the Templar Masons. Two systems, the "Strict Observance" and the "Swedish," were not simply rivals but were actively hostile to each other; and nearly all the lodges of Germany, Russia, Poland, and Austria were engaged in a long and bitter quarrel.

According to the Masonic historian, Boos, the lodges of Europe were, on account of the admission of women, grossly immoral. They were likewise revolutionary. The programme of the French Masons coincides remarkably with the actual outcome of the French Revolution. Revolutionary propaganda was disseminated in Germany by Weishaupt, and spread rapidly throughout the country. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, however, reforms were introduced and some success in modifying the radical principles was achieved.

Development in the United States. Masonry was introduced into the United States as early as 1731, and soon reached all parts of the country. Three years later Benjamin Franklin published an American edition of the "Book of Constitution." After 1758 most of the lodges adopted the Scottish rite, and to-day the lodges of the country are preponderingly Scottish.

Limited space forbids further treatment of this question. For more detailed information we must refer our readers to standard works on this subject.

THE \dagger SIGN

"UNAPPRECIATED"

Will you kindly publish the words of the song "The Rose and the Weed?" I have been told they form a poem by the late Father Nicholas Ward, the Passionist.—P. L. M., Louisville, Ky.

The poem under the title "Unappreciated" is as follows:

A little weed grew at the foot of a rose,
And the both breathed the soft summer air,
But the little weed sighed as it looked at the rose,
For the rose was so tall and so fair.
At sunset the little weed tremblingly spoke
And told of its love to the rose,
But the rose did not mind for the language of
weeds

Is one which a weed only knows.

Then the little weed wept and the fair rose's feet
Were washed and refresh'd for the night,
The birds of the morning sang sweet to her heart,
And she lifted her head to the light.
Statelier she grew and her green leaves spread
wide
Till they shut out the sunlight and air;
The little weed died at the feet of the rose,
But the rose never knew she was there!

VOTIVE LIGHTS

When one lights a candle in thanksgiving for a special favor that has been granted, how much should one pay for the candle?—A. J. W. M., St. Louis, Mo.

There is no set price for votive offerings in thanksgiving for favors received; it depends on the pious generosity of the individual. We would suggest, however, that a more appropriate manner of returning thanks would be a Mass of Thanksgiving.

CONSANGUINITY

My first cousin's children are my second cousins. What degree would my children be to his children?

I have been keeping company with a young man whose grandfather was my grandmother's brother. Kindly let me know just what relation he is to me and if I can ever marry him?—A. M., New York City.

You are not exactly right. Your first cousin's children are your second cousins but touching the first cousinship (for want of a better word). Your children would be full second cousins to his children.

You are the young man's second cousin; you are related to him in the third degree. In order to marry him you will have to obtain a dispensation.

BOOKS ON THE PASSION

I would like a good book on The Passion. Kindly inform me of what you consider the best book on the market.—W. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

We do not know of any "best" book about the Passion, but we do know of many "good" ones. A critical history of the Passion can be found in "The Passion" by Ollivier. Among the devotional histories we recommend "The History of the Passion" by Groenings, "The Passion of Our Lord" by Cardinal De Lai (translated by Cardinal O'Connell), "The History of the Sacred Passion" by Luis de la Palma (translated by Fr. Coleridge, S. J.). Instructive reading on the Passion can be found in "The School of Jesus Crucified" by Father Ignatius, C. P., and in "Lessons on the Passion" by Fr. Bernard Feeney. For pious reflections and meditation on the Passion we recommend "Meditations on the Sacred Passion" by Da Bergamo.

CREMATION

How did the Jews dispose of their dead? Did they practice cremation? In the prophet Amos we read, "And a man's kinsman shall take him up and shall burn him, that he may carry the bones out of the house." Does the Church ever permit this practise?—N. G., Chicago, Ill.

The usual method employed by the Jews to dispose of their dead was interment. The body was first washed, then anointed with strong spices and perfums. The face was bound in a napkin, the hands and feet were wound in winding bands. The body, wrapped in funeral linen, was laid on a bier and carried to the grave.

The Jews did not practice cremation. They did indeed burn their dead in time of pestilence. The text from the prophet Amos refers to such a time as this.

Under the same circumstances, the Church permits cremation.

A MARRIAGE QUESTION

My youngest sister, now 22 years of age, married a Quaker three years ago in London, England, and has one child, a girl of two years. Is it possible for her to gain an entrance to Holy Church without being first married by a priest?—S. J. N., New York City.

The usual method of dealing with a case of this kind is for both man and woman to appear before the priest and be married. However, if your sister is willing to go through the religious ceremony but the man is unwilling, then two possibilities are open to her. Either she can persuade her husband to appoint a proxy with whom she can appear before the priest; or if the man is even unwilling to be married by proxy she can ask the Pastor of the church to obtain what is known as a "Sanation." In any case the Pastor must be consulted.

A DOUBTFUL MORTAL SIN

A child received Holy Communion after eating. He knew he was doing wrong but did not reflect on the grievousness of the sin he was committing. He did not realize fully what he was doing. He knew he would get a scolding and be humiliated before his class-mates if he did not receive. He thought only of that. Was his sin mortal?—S. A. E., Dorchester Mass.

To make a sin mortal three things are necessary: (a) grievous matter, (b) sufficient reflection, and (c) full consent of the will. If any one of these three is lacking, the sin is not mortal. Sufficient reflection means that a person knows the act which he is about to do is a mortal sin or doubts whether or not the act is a mortal sin; in either case deliberately to commit it would be a mortal sin. However, as in the case submitted, if a person knows that he is doing wrong in acting in a certain way and yet he does not fully advert to the grievousness of the sin, the person commits only a venial sin.

"LIFE OF CHRIST"

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

Have just received a copy of Father Herbert McDevitt's "Life of Christ." I am delighted with it. You should advertise it well as those who buy will get more than their money's worth.

The book is a distinct departure in presenting the Gospel Narrative, and one, I believe, that must accomplish great good. The simple and inspiring text with the remarkably beautiful illustrations make a splendid combination. I intend to use quite a number of copies as Christmas presents.

—REV. T. J. M., Chicago, Ill.

A Modern Philosopher

A Personal-Fact Narrative

By LOUIS H. WETMORE



SAW him first at Groton School, Groton, Mass. He was appallingly thin, which accounted for his nickname of "Matchstick." His complexion was mottled, his eyes a baby blue; he had red, brilliantly red hair, like a flame, and his nose suggested Israel. But he wasn't Hebraic. His name was Reginald Alphonsus Smith, and his family suffered from a "Mayflower" descent and lack of funds. What his mother must have denied herself to pay the cost of a Groton schooling! He was in my class, and yet out of it. What I mean is that chronologically he was in my class, but though I was conscious of his attenuated body in the schoolroom or dormitory, I always felt that he himself—his soul, his spirit—was thousands of miles away, searching, ever searching, for something he couldn't find. He always gave one the impression of searching for something. When he looked at you, he looked through you with an abandonment of expression which showed that you weren't in his thought at all.

He was abnormal intellectually, and that, of course, among Groton boys, made him distinctly unpopular, especially as he had absolutely no aptitude for sports. When he made his first attempt at baseball, he made it, as was natural to him, seriously and violently. But when he went to bat he hit wildly at the ball, which landed on his left eye and ended his baseball career. At football he was equally unsuccessful. He was placed as a half-back on the third Wachusett team for a try-out (his long legs suggested that position to the coach, I suppose), and amazed everyone at first by dashing recklessly through the Monadnock line, amid cheers, only to ruin his triumph, in the excitement of dodging omnipresent tacklers, by "scoring" a touchdown behind his own goal line!

We had, he and I, very little in common. I was "excellent" and "very good" in English literature and history, but never passed an examination in algebra or geometry during my entire school career. "Matchstick" couldn't tell you who wrote "Paradise Lost" or the date of the fall of Constantinople, but he had a remarkable ability in solving geometric problems, and could actually do difficult algebraic sums in his head.

He was comfortably "religious." I was "religi-

ous," too. That was about the only thing we had in common. His religiosity, of course, merely added to his own unpopularity, as it did to mine. I think that, next to "Matchstick," I was the most unpopular boy in my class. He and I used to have violent theological arguments, and these commenced at the age of twelve, mind you! He was thoroughly "Evangelical," while I was busy with Pusey, Keble, Hurrell Froude and the other masters of the Oxford Movement. He was for Trinity Church, Boston, and I for the Church of the Advent and the Cowley Fathers. He would, I remember, pursue me around the campus reading me extracts from Phillip Brooks and Frederick Maurice, tripping over the roots of trees and the wooden pavements in the ardor of his pursuit of me and of learning.

He was extreme in everything he did. He did things either extremely badly or extremely well. And he was frightfully conscientious, of the stuff of which Protestant martyrs are made. I was naturally irritated by his constant pursuit. Once he aroused the *odium theologicum* in me to such an extent that I punched him emphatically on the nose. To my surprise, and I haven't altogether recovered from that surprise to this day, he whacked me back, and so successfully that I went on my back for the count. After that, in spite of my zeal to suffer for "Anglo-Catholicism" with Fathers Maconochie and Stanton, I conducted my theological arguments with my tongue instead of my fist.

He for his part would be especially irritated, I remember, by my fasting before Communion on "High Church" principles. As an act of reparation for my folly, on the Sunday mornings when I fasted, he would eat twice as much breakfast as usual, an indulgence in religious zeal which would send him to the infirmary by Sunday afternoon for a dose of a pernicious fluid whose taste reminded me (when I was unfortunate enough myself to have to swallow it) of the nasty substance fed forcibly to the scholars of Dotheboy's Hall.

PHILOSOPHY was Reginald Alphonsus Smith's hobby. At the age of thirteen he was reading Kant, and irritating the clerical Headmaster by quoting that philosopher in the weekly hour we devoted to "Sacred Studies." He swore by Kant

THE † SIGN

until Senator Lodge, in a "prize day" address at Groton, mentioned the name of Schopenhauer. That set "Matchstick" off. He ordered a set of Schopenhauer from a Boston bookseller and read the philosopher during study hours until an inquisitive master confiscated the volumes. This act temporarily increased Smith's pessimism, and provided him with another argument for Schopenhauer's dismal view of life. Then he went wild for a term or so on Hegel. He was in his six form year then, and had ceased to attend the Communion service of our school chapel, to the indignation of the Headmaster, who was upset by his reaction from former piety, and appalled by his pupil's arguments against Holy Writ and the Christian religion culled from Harnack and Frazer and other rationalistic commentators. Hegel lasted four months, and then Smith took to Nietzsche.

When he commenced with Nietzsche, he ended his school career. His attempts, fearless and public, to convert some fellow students to eschew all morality by doing this, that and other thing, overheard by several prefects and masters and reported to headquarters, brought his agitated mother to Groton through a hurried Rectorial summons; and, after an hour's fiery argument between authority and "Matchstick" in the Headmaster's study, Reginald Alphonsus Smith saw the Groton campus no more.

I HEARD nothing of my friend's post-school career until my return from Europe two years later, when a mutual friend informed me that "Matchstick" was a sophomore at Harvard, and thinner than ever. Philosophy was wearing him down to the bone, and he seemed to be receiving none of the consolations warranted its followers by Boethius. "Is it still Nietzsche?" I queried. "Oh, no," was the reply, "he's tangled up with Royce and the Absolutists by this time." So, passing through Cambridge one day, I dropped in at Worcester Court to see Reginald. He was thinner than ever—no doubt of that—and his red hair already showed a suggestion of grey. "My dear fellow, have you read this new book of Royce's?" was his greeting. "He simply smashes the Pragmatists. . . . , and I had a half hour straight of the superiority of Absolutism over all contemporary philosophy, without so much a question, after a two years separation, as to my health or doings. When I finally left him, he pursued me to the door begging me to give up my "Ritualistic" nonsense, and read Royce, Royce, Royce—.

A letter which I received in New York four months later told me nothing of the news of Harvard, but Alphonsus Smith remarked in it

that since he had advised me to read Royce, he felt in conscience bound to tell me that he had discovered the errors latent in Absolutism, and that he was not at all sure that the Pragmatists were not right after all. A postcard followed shortly after this, informing me that he was attending William James' lectures, and that James had absolutely the correct idea. The philosophy of "experience," etc., etc.

I did not see "Matchstick" again for three years, but I heard from mutual friends that he had run the gamut of Pragmatism, had ventured through Perry and Santyana, had a bad "attack" of esoteric Buddhism, and had even for a short time, and under the influence of a very pretty girl, to whom he was genuinely devoted, attempted a few weeks of Christian Science. Whether it was because the pretty girl wouldn't marry him, I know not, but almost immediately after his Christian Science period he publicly professed Mahometanism—a bit of news which amused me highly. His Mahometanism ruined his college career, as his Nietzscheism had ended his school career. He always insisted on practicing what he preached. A party at which "Matchstick," crowned with a gorgeous green turban, was entertaining what looked suspiciously like a harem, when it came to the ear of the University authorities, brought Reginald Alphonsus Smith up before the Dean and was the cause of his name being stricken from the roll of Harvard scholars with astounding rapidity.

He was always, you see, insisting on acting up to his philosophic or religious opinions. This was his chief trouble, said sympathetic friends; for by this time "Matchstick's" peculiarities had won him many friends (especially during his Mahometan period), and while he never at Harvard forced his way into any prominent fraternity (he was a trifle too odd for that), he was a genuinely popular man in his class.

IT was at this critical time that his mother died, I suppose from grief at her son's successive educational failures, and Alphonsus was left with a minute income, just large enough, if he economized, to prevent his having to be a banker's clerk, a bonds salesman or a journalist. He wrote me to say that he was off to Europe to study philosophy. He apparently did study philosophy at Heidelberg, Munich, Tübingen and Berlin, for letters from these Universities helped me to follow his intellectual peregrinations through the maze of Haeckel—to whose materialism he was extremely devoted for eight months, and correspondingly indignant at Father Wasmann's attack on his then

THE \ddagger SIGN

philosophic pet—Eucken, etc., until he suddenly turned up in Paris to sit at the feet of Bergson.

I saw him next a few years later, and just by chance, in a little *café* in Zurich. His hair was quite white by now. His face had hardened, I thought, and his eyes had lost that look of radiant enthusiasm which formerly shone in them. He was thin—a mere skeleton—and, what was most strange, he didn't look at me or through me. His eyes shifted hither and thither rapidly. "Wetmore!" he exclaimed, as I touched him on the arm. "Have you heard Freud lecture?" "My word, man," said I, "are you mixed up in that filth?" "Filth! That's not a very Christian criticism—" "It's a very Christian criticism," I retorted. "Now, now," said Alphonsus, "I bet you haven't even read Freud? You Medievalist! Freud's hit the nail on the head. You see, . . ." and I had the whole muddy river of Freud's thought for an hour. I told him frankly that his mind would rot if he lived in the intellectual manure heap which Freud offered him; and then left him, feeling irritated, and for the first time, I think, genuinely worried about him. . . .

A few months later, Payson Jones—whom I detest, an utter rotter if there ever was one—buttonholed me in the University Club, New York, and before I could escape from him told me some news of Reginald Alphonsus Smith. Payson Jones, it seems, had run across him in Paris, and from what he said I judged that things were pretty bad with "Matchstick." Payson Jones is not squeamish, far from it, but I gathered that even he couldn't stand Smith at this period. It seemed to be Diabolism, as far as I could make out, and a nasty phase of it at that.

THE last time I was in England, in 1914, I was staying at Oxford, and there I caught the final glimpse (I'm sure it's the final glimpse) of "Matchstick." I ran into him, literally, in High Street, and he entirely astonished me by immediately asking me how I was, even enquiring about my mother and sisters, without a word about the latest philosophical craze. "How are you?" was all that for the moment I could answer in my astonishment. "Splendid! I say, old chap, are you still one of those bally "High Church Anglicans?" "No," I answered slowly, "I was received into the Catholic Church a few weeks ago." Smith looked at me quizzically, and I wondered what his comment would be. It was very short and to the point. "Why," said he, "so was I!"

It seemed that Hugh Benson had done the trick. Where and how Smith met him, I am not sure, but

I gathered from the rapid flow of his descriptions that the first meeting had been at a tea at Lady Shollett's. Anyhow, Alphonsus, who was at this time and for the first time in his life without a philosophy, accepted an invitation, after a genial chat, to visit Benson at Hare Street House, and there shared his week's repose at the Monsignor's delightful house with a decayed prize fighter and a broken down professional card sharper. Benson always liked oddities who needed patching up spiritually. At the end of the week, "Matchstick" had succumbed to Bensonian argument and eloquence, and three weeks later had been received into the Church by Father Martindale, S. J., at Oxford.

NOW, what follows is the most interesting part of the story. This is an absolutely true story, with just a name changed here and there (though you may not believe it), and its ending is true likewise (though you may not believe this either). The last time I saw Reginald Alphonsus Smith was at Oxford in 1914, as I have said, and the last time I heard from him directly was a few years ago when I received a postcard telling me that he was shortly entering on his Carthusian novitiate at the Charterhouse in England. He was always very careful to practice what he preached. It was not so very long ago that I heard indirectly that he had been professed, and that he was no longer "Matchstick," for he had gained forty pounds through the excellent Carthusian diet!

Mary's Son

By CATHERINE M. BRESNAN

The Baby Jesus' sweetest smiles
Went to His mother all the day,
For as she swept and cleaned and sewed,
Her eyes were ever turned His way.

And often as she paused to bend
Above Him, whispering "Little Son,"
A secret rapture filled her heart
Thus to address God's Holy One.

But more ineffable her joy
When Jesus to her toddling came,
The first time the Incarnate Word
In baby accents lisped her name.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



The Seven Dolors of Mary

Some Thoughts and Affections on the Mother of Sorrows

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

"After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, (because he was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews) besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus. And Pilate gave leave. He came therefore and took away the body of Jesus. And Nicodemus also came, he who at first came to Jesus by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.—(St. John: 19/38).

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

FOR about two hours after the death of her Divine Son, Mary remained beneath the Cross. There she was to see that not even in death would the body of Jesus be safe from indignity, and the lance-thrust which pierced the heart of her Son transfixed her own soul too.

It is well on toward evening when at last the silence of Calvary is broken by the arrival of Nicodemus, coming with spices to anoint the dead body of Christ, and the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea hastening to the Cross with the glad tidings that Jesus can be buried in his own new sepulchre.

Now begins the sad task of taking down the body, the gruesome labor of pulling out the long nails that are driven through the hands and feet deep into the wood of the Cross. Finally, however with infinite care the dead Christ is lowered gently into the waiting arms below.

Tradition then tells us how Mary, sinking down at the foot of the Cross, receives on her lap the head of her Son and covers His face with her tears and kisses. Tenderly she washes the blood and dirt from the matted hair, the livid face and torn body,—that sacred body formed in her own virginal womb, the body which she had so often pressed warm and loving to her heart, the body of her Son and her God.

The sword of grief foretold by the prophet Simeon has at last penetrated to the inmost depths

of her soul, and, as the saints tell us, if God had not sustained her miraculously, Mary would have died there at the foot of the Cross with her dead Son in her arms.

Well has the sorrow of our Blessed Mother been called a sea of bitterness. "To what shall I compare thee, or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem?" says the Church in the words of Jeremiah. "To what shall I equal thee that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy destruction: who shall heal thee? The Lord hath done that which He purposed: He hath destroyed and hath not spared... Let tears run down like a torrent day and night."—(LAM. 2/13,17).

For another reason, too, we may easily believe that Mary now has to undergo the most terrible part of her sufferings. Satan has failed against Christ, but he can still win a magnificent victory if he can only induce the mother of Christ to rebel against God. Thus we may conceive how in the fury of despair he turns all his cunning and hate against Mary.

"See!" he says to her, "all your life you have done God's will perfectly. All your life long you have labored and suffered and prayed. And now, what do you get for it all? How does God reward you? Is this fair? Is it just?"

And into these black, bitter waters of sorrow and temptation and desolation that now overwhelm Mary's soul no ray of light is allowed to penetrate. Her Son is dead; God seems to have abandoned her. What is to happen on Easter Sunday she knows only by faith, and that light of faith God now permits to be darkened and obscured, because it is here that Mary is to be made the model of all sorrowing souls.

Yes, it is in this her sixth dolor that she most truly appears as the model and mother of all who are overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, particu-

THE SIGN

ly of those who are tempted to despair in their sufferings, tempted to rebel against God. For, in her supreme agony of spirit, Mary is repeating over and over again the same words that she has spoken throughout her life, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." There is no rebellion, no complaint, no extravagant show of grief.

O Mary, how I admire thee in thy courage and brave resignation to God's holy will. How I love thee when I think that thou wert willing to suffer all this for me. Help me to imitate thee when God's hand lies heavy upon me, when my heart is filled with bitterness. Make that bitterness sweet with the thought that I can suffer a little in imitation of thee. —(Continue making such affections long as you feel your heart moved by them).

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

BESESIDES being in this sixth dolor the model of all who suffer, Mary is also their consoler, the "Comforter of the Afflicted." Often life seems to us to be a sad puzzle. So many things perplex us and discourage us. We try to do what God wants, and yet we seem to find His hand against us, while others who give Him never a thought, appear to enjoy every blessing and happiness. In such times of weariness or depression or agony, when our heart is breaking under the loss of a loved one, when we are tortured with any physical or spiritual sorrow, let us go to Mary beneath the Cross with Jesus in her arms.

Can we compare our sufferings with hers? On the other hand, can we compare our service of God with hers? No, here we shall find consolation in our afflictions, seeing that Jesus permitted His own mother to suffer as no other creature can ever suffer again. Here we shall learn that sufferings, if only we use them aright, can become the greatest blessings of life. They, more than anything else, test and prove and purify our love for God. They draw us closer to God by making us like to Jesus and Mary. They, so to speak, force us to throw ourselves into God's loving arms to find peace and

comfort. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Here beside Mary, we shall understand that the only affliction, the *only real evil is sin*,—sin which estranged man from God in the beginning, and which thus became the cause of all the suffering and misery in the world, sin which caused the crucifixion of the Son of God and the agony of His mother, sin which alone can do us any real harm, now and forever. And when we are tempted to imagine that sin is not such a terrible thing, let us picture Jesus and Mary here beneath the Cross, and remember that all this was caused by sin. The wages of sin is death. It caused death to enter the world; it is the cause of the death of every one of us; it brought about the death of Jesus; and, unless we throw it off, it will bring death to our souls for all eternity.

Yet, when we have sinned, let us come back to the same place; for Mary is not only the "Comforter of the Afflicted," but also the "*Refuge of Sinners*." There, looking at her grief and the dead body of her Son, we shall learn true sorrow for the sins that make us guilty of His blood. There we shall learn to hate our sin. And there, too, we shall find only forgiveness, because Mary cannot drive us away.

O Mary, Comforter of the Afflicted, teach me how to bear all my sorrows. Give me thy spirit of resignation to God's will. Teach me to say with thee, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." Teach me also that the only real evil is sin. It was sin that caused the death of Jesus and made thy heart be pierced with a sword of grief. O, I am ashamed to stand before thee with Jesus dead in thy arms because of my sins. But, mother, where else shall I go? Thou art the Refuge of Sinners.

RESOLUTION: I shall make my examination of conscience before confession with Mary here at the foot of the Cross to obtain a true sorrow for my sins.

ASPIRATION: O Mary, Comforter of the Afflicted, help me in my sorrows.

O Mary, Refuge of Sinners, give me thy hatred of sin.



JESUS IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS

Enid Dinnis

Who Writes the Unusual Short Story

By ANNE BURLEW

EHE Catholic Revival of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has had, in England and America, its poets, its philosophers, its novelists—and some of these last have published short-stories of a high type. Even the existence, however, of a short-story writer par excellence and eminently of the movement was unknown to most of its students and lovers until, in 1920, there appeared on the book market a little red volume wearing the beguiling if seemingly incongruous title, *Mystics All*. The stories in this collection had been published separately in the *Irish Rosary* and the *Month*, but, like much of the fiction in Catholic magazines, had reached only a minority of readers.

"A publishing house that brings out a volume of short-stories today, takes a big risk," remarked a certain seller of books, qualified to speak on the subject. "People want to buy their short-stories in magazines."

"What about *Mystics All*?" he was asked.

He smiled ruefully. *His* publishing house had missed that venture.

"Oh, that's something quite distinctive," he said. "We meet with stories of that kind once in an age. Their author is unique."

She is. At least, her literary style and her material are unique, and, perhaps, for a literary woman—as literary women go in these blatant days—her life might be deemed unique as well. For, unconcerned with commonplace sensationalism, she is manifestly absorbed in the "tremendous trifles" round about her, content, as her countryman, Mr. Chesterton is content, quietly to observe and to point out to others the marvels interwoven with what is often alluded to—disparagingly, of course—as the routine of daily existence.

The author of *Mystics All* is Enid Dinnis, the

daughter of an Anglican clergyman. She became a Catholic at the age of twenty-four. For several years, she devoted her energies to journalism, contributing to a number of secular magazines, among them the *Onlooker* and *Punch*. During these years, she kept her religion and her humor in water-tight compartments, and rather avoided association with the excessively pious Catholic person. Then, all unexpectedly, as a result of some such spiritual experience as she describes, she herself became what she had jestingly called "pi," the conviction irresistibly borne in upon her that her writer's talent must be used for God alone. From thenceforward she wrote only spiritual stories. The first volume expressive of her newly dedicated gift was published in 1916, under the title, *God's Fairy Tales*. And suddenly, although even discriminating editors had in the past accepted her work with a trepidation far from complimentary to the intelligence of the unfairly abused "reading public," Miss Dinnis learned that said reading public, in England and America—Protestant as well as Catholic—wanted "some more."

MISS BURLEW has written not so much a review as a story of Enid Dinnis' progress toward her present popularity. Those who demand lively interest in an author should suspect that there are capable writers providing it for them without the forced intrusion of piety on the one hand or the inane appeal to passion and worldliness on the other. You are reminded that even non-Catholic writers have turned to Catholic sources for their most cheerful backgrounds and their most wholesome themes. It will interest our readers to hear that some of Miss Dinnis' stories will appear in forthcoming issues of *THE SIGN*—EDITORS.

THEREUPON she offered them *Mystics All*—which went immediately into a second edition. *Once upon Eternity* came from the press about a year later. *God's Fairy Tales*, *Mystics All*, *Once upon Eternity*! Their admirers—at least some of them—are enthusiastic almost to the point of laying down their own literary lives for the sake of circulating, of perpetuating these three highly companionable and surely incomparable little volumes.

"Now," declared one who had had some of her own fiction "accepted" by magazines, "I feel no further obligation to write. Much better for me than torturing my friends and delighting my enemies through my own literary efforts will it be to spread the good tidings about Enid Dinnis. I'll

THE † SIGN

get more merit for so doing—in this life and in the next."

"I had many a favorite till she came along," remarked another, "though one or two things about all of them made me hesitant to proclaim them. Most of them ignore the spiritual in us. She doesn't over-emphasize it, but she never forgets it."

Had she completely forgotten it, indeed, she would long since have been rewarded with a wide publicity. A certain native wit would have secured for her an enviable reputation as the author of merely clever and amusing things. As the case stands, however, she must wait for that fuller recognition which, especially among Catholics, is undoubtedly her due. In the meanwhile, her readers—a goodly number even now, and surely if slowly increasing—will continue to rejoice at the achievement of one whose art is as thoroughly engaging as her themes are human and high.

FOR high her themes unquestionably are. In dealing with the Unseen, she is as irrepressible as her own delightful Crazy Sammy, and, withal, as immune from the ordinariness of most "pious" writers as Sammy was from the ordinariness of other children. She does not preach. Her characters do not indulge in painfully prolonged conversations relative to faith and morals. Even the most exemplary people in her tales are faulty on occasion. And her mystics, though earnest seekers after truth, are, for the most part, as unconscious of the search as they are of their own mystical nature, some of them, indeed, like Crazy Sammy, never apparently receiving an answer to their incessant prayers, others, like Mrs. Blake's Mary, poor little morsel of humanity, never having said a prayer, mental or vocal, in their lives. But, since God had made Mrs. Blake's Mary, and, therefore, understood the desires and aspirations of her starved little soul—desires and aspirations expressed through the novel medium of housework—He, the tender Father of us all, Miss Dinnis would persuade us, permitted this "very willin' little gell" to come before His presence, not, as the psalmist says, "with singing," but with scrubbing, and, as a reward for the wise investment of her one talent, to hear, at the end of her seemingly drab little life, those heart-lifting words, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Not that Miss Dinnis has, by a single syllable, depreciated the value of prayer. Its indisputable power, on the contrary, is a favorite subject with her, happily illustrated in such stories as *The Walls of Jericho* and *An Atmospheric Effect*. To her strong faith, indeed, in the working out by prayer of more things than this world dreams of is to be attributed, in great part, her perception of the

beauty in everyday life—a hidden beauty, wearing, for writers who see more darkly, the appearance only of the insipid and the banal.

"Whose eye Eternity hath scanned
Raised, once on time, to hills untrod,
He sojourns here in Fairyland—
The Fairyland of God."

THE inhabitants of this mystic fairyland into which Miss Dinnis leads us are beings surprisingly human—albeit of the average sort, with no special penchant for murder, suicide, and the general run of crimes characterizing the general run of persons in much contemporary "realistic" fiction. Of love plots the three volumes present a fair proportion, such plots as, avoiding the trite and obvious, create, nevertheless, in the mind of the reader, until the very end, a delicious though anguished doubt relative to the prerogative of the lovers to marry and live happily ever afterwards. And whether they marry or not, the stories end happily, as stories of love, in the highest sense of the word, should end. The lovers themselves are individualized, having as little resemblance, moreover, to the stereotyped hero and heroine of popular current fiction as have the great majority of subway travelers, for example, to the engalleried array of vapid youth and beauty in the subway advertisements for breakfast foods, collars, and the latest in laundry soaps. In *The Least of the Little Ones*, the lover is a "Young Professor," slightly opinionated, and endowed, "according to the coterie of discerning persons who treat of scientific matters in the Press," with the "mightiest brain in England;" the object of his unscientific interest is the attractive "Brown Lady," a fancier of the unfit among children. A lover of more advanced years is Squire Witley in *The Loving Cup*, worshipping from afar and futilely scheming to meet a certain Papist lady. "He knew she was a Papist, and Papists are sometimes beastly narrow—they won't marry unbelievers." And, as a lover at twenty, Crazy Sammy, whose novena "to gain heavenly assistance before venturing to put the fateful question to the lady of his devotion," brought to him, humanly speaking, results exceedingly dire, is an unforgettable figure among the myriads of his kind declared by a famous poet to be beloved by all the world.

THE hundreds of other characters in the stories are as diversified and as true to life as the lovers. Even the background people—those who merely walk into the picture to walk out again—deserve honorable mention, as witness, in illustration, that object of solicitude to Mandy of the Crackenshaws in the pursuit of his disenchanted

THE T SIGN

vocation of pickpocket, the "furry lady-in Oxford street." The "furry lady" and those "two shabby but exceedingly happy old ladies in *An Historical Association*—walking through Kew Gardens, "their faces lighted up with pleasure—the young novices from Oxford and Cambridge in a certain monastery—whose patience was tried by the regrettably mediaeval attitude of old Brother Giles—and the inquisitive little boy in *God Alone* interrupting the tourists' guide with disconcerting interrogatories concerning the customs of "hancoresses"—these and scores of others, though properly subordinated in the stories in which they appear, awaken in one a desire for further acquaintance. One feels that these engaging background people have stories of their own—that they live and are "leads" in tales that have never yet been told.

And the children! They brighten page after page of the three volumes. Some, indeed, are as pathetic as they are amusing. Some are just saved from being tragic. These are the poor little ones—Mandy of the Crackenhaws, Jimmy the faithful guardian of his wizen old man baby brother, Simple Simon bravely trudging along each day to the shop, his weak little back bent under its heavy bundle of "trousers," and the never to be forgotten Mrs. Blake's Mary, "associated in the minds of most people with a pail and scrubbing brush." Such child characters immediately suggest material that Dickens would have loved to handle. Mrs. Blake's Mary is surely a lineal descendant of Dick Swiveller's Marchioness, though possessed of odd intuitions unknown to the latter; and Mandy would have had a bowing acquaintance, at least, with some of Fagan's gang had those young hopefulex been at large in the London of the twentieth century. Few readers of Dickens would consent even to a brush-stroke of change in the portraits of the Marchioness and the Artful Dodger; yet Dickens himself, not altogether capable of "getting inside the mind of a child," would have but inadequately sketched Mandy or Mrs. Blake's Mary. They and their forlorn little brothers and sisters are truly Miss Dinnis' own creations. Their author has seen them. Anyone may see them or children like them on the streets of any great city every day.

AND in the more comfortable homes of their perhaps, more fortunate little fellow beings, may be seen such delightfully natural little girls as Imelda, "to whom everybody in the world was wildly interesting," Phoebe, who, during a long sermon at church, made up stories for her own entertainment about the votive tablets there, and that unremitting visitor to the Home for Disabled

Soldiers, darling tender-hearted Babity of *The Walls of Jericho*.

The humor with which the unique Month of Mary procession in this story is described is characteristic of all Miss Dinnis' work. It is a humor reverent, delicate, sympathetic, spontaneous, whimsical—meeting one unexpectedly at every stage in the narrative even in connection with incidents considerably close to the sacred. The undeniable kinship between humor and faith is a treasured conviction with this twentieth century author as it was with the people of mediaeval England. Only Miss Dinnis is not mediaeval. She is distinctly modern. She would unquestionably agree with Father Dalgairns in his introduction to Walter's Hilton's *The Scale of Perfection* that the Church never grows old—that it has advantages in these later centuries which it did not have in the thirteenth. Hence it is not surprising to find her plots touching upon such modern items of interest as subliminal consciousness, social service, the Great War, Anglican difficulties, the problem of disposing of the "unfit," telepathy, the slums, the "flu," hypnotic suggestion, and carefully if merrily considering questions so contemporary as, "What is the difference between mystical experiences and psychic phenomena?"

OTHER qualities of style besides her humor fit her distinctly for her vocation as short-story writer of the Catholic Renaissance. Her plots possess the unity, the simplicity, the perspective perennially commended in the masters of short-story technique. Her descriptions of persons and places, done in one or two definite strokes, attest also the master hand. Atmosphere, background, she can create at will. Nor is she ever at a loss for the right word, whether that word be the choicest in the English language or the latest slang fallen from the lips of some gamin of the streets.

"But why," it may be asked "should she write all spiritual stories? The critics would pay more attention to secular material."

The answer may pardonably take the form of a parable. Once in a far off city, while men and women busied themselves in various ways about much serving of the Master, one sat at His feet learning directly from Him all that the world outside was struggling to discover. Her eyes were ever toward the Lord.

SO it is with Miss Dinnis. She is absorbed in one great theme. She belongs essentially to this marvelous Second Spring of our holy Faith. She has been spoiled for the critics of literary art—to paraphrase a sentence from one of her own stories—because Someone will say, "Well done!"

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

INFORMATION!

Here are some startling answers on present-day personalities as given by some Wisconsin normal students:

FOND DU LAC, Wis.—Prospective teachers at the Fond du Lac County Normal School were asked recently to describe Senator La Follette in an "identification test." One young woman described the Progressive candidate for President as "a Frenchman who came to America during the war." She admitted she had always lived in Wisconsin.

Another student said Teapot Dome was "an old tomb discovered in Egypt about a year ago." A few of the more startling answers were:

Ober-Ammergau—A great German politician.
Herrin—A title used in Germany.
Pinchot—A race horse.
Frances E. Willard—American pugilist.
Obregon—A province in Germany.
De Valera—A bandit in Mexico.
Lloyd George—King of England.
Ford—Ran for President and backed out.
Helen Keller—A great airplane flier.
John Wanamaker—A watchmaker.
Mussolini—A region in the southern part of Eurasia.
Tariff—A city in France.
Leonard Wood—An aviator.
Venezuela—Country in South America.
Henry Cabot Lodge—Place where societies meet.
Volstead—Experimenter about laws in physics.
Fiume—A mountain in Japan.
Babe Ruth—World heavyweight champion.
Muscle Shoals—A great coal mine in Italy.
Firpo—African prizefighter.
Steinmetz—A kind of piano.

CHARITY

It is most fitting that the name of the owner of the barn should be Hagerty—suggestive of the kindliness and warm-heartedness of the Irish:

ALTOONA, Pa.—Although it's only an old barn, it has a reputation throughout the United States. It is known as Hagerty's Barn and it is located on the outskirts of Altoona.

Years ago a man named Hagerty, who lived just outside the limits of this city, owned the barn, which became a favorite stopping place for the knights of the road traveling along the route of the present Lincoln Highway. Mr. Hagerty never objected to the hoboes stopping in his barn, even after a fire, believed to have been started by them, destroyed the original building. He built a new barn and when he died enjoined his heirs never to close the building's doors to tramps. The heirs have done his bidding.

Every night from two or three to a dozen hoboes stop there. Meals are cooked nearby. Frequently the visitors do their laundry and string the clothes on ropes near the barn. A resident of this city, traveling in the West this summer, was asked by a man from California if he knew where Hagerty's Barn was located. The Altoonian replied in the affirmative, and the Western man said he and many traveling friends had stopped at the place.

DEMONS!

From the *St. Louis Star* we get this illuminating illustration of a new science:

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—A large man industriously rubbing the head of a smaller man at Broadway and Market Street attracted the attention of Detective Sgt. Behnken.

"Do you feel the relief?" asked the large man. The smaller man announced that he did not, and in addition demanded help, aid and succor.

"What's this?" inquired Behnken.

"Very simple," said the large man. "This poor fellow has demons. I am taking them out of him."

"Have you got demons?" said Behnken.

"I have not," said the small man. "This bird grabbed me as I was walking down the street and began to rub my head."

Behnken settled the matter by giving the demon hunter a swift kick.

CURES!

The Arm of God is not shortened. We Catholics know that through the intercession of His Saints many and marvellous cures have been wrought. But we also know that the Saints did not parade the gift of healing that God gave them; much less did they advertise the miracles they performed:

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Rev. Robert B. H. Bell of Denver stood before the altar of the Church of the Ascension in Mount Vernon yesterday and held in his arms a little crippled girl. "Heal these little legs and give them strength," he prayed. "May she grow stronger and stronger."

The child gazed at him with wide, awe struck eyes. To her mother Dr. Bell said:

"Now make her run to you. Don't let her do anything else but walk and run."

Then he turned to a small cross-eyed boy.

"Oh, Lord, heal this little child and let his eyes be straight."

"How are you now, son? Better? Ah, he is better."

Other children came, lame, blind and sick. Over each Dr. Bell spoke a few cheery words. They passed out wondering, although not visibly improved, but the healer's buoyant faith seemed to have entered into them. They "hoped" they were going to get better. They "thought" they were cured.

About a dozen children were treated. Dr. Bell, an Episcopal minister, considered by many a worker of miracles, is holding four meetings a day in Mount Vernon, one for children and three for adults.

Men and women on crutches, deaf, blind and mute flocked to the church. He treated them all like children, told them to be happy, trust in God and take exercise and diet.

Some of them believed they were really cured. All seemed moved.

Next week Dr. Bell will go to Boston. Then he will return to Denver. He says he has cured 5,000 persons by faith.

THE \dagger SIGN

MOTHER-LOVE

We are always touched by anything that indicates love for one's mother. Hence with deep emotion we pass on this soul-stirring ad from the *Daily Palo Alto* (California):

Mother's Day—Sunday will be Mother's Day, and what could be more appropriate than to remember Mother with the things that are nearest to her desire? Special, Saturday, 10-quart Aluminum Dishpan only 98 cents. Palo Alto Hardware Co.

BALDERDASH!

In his recently published "Memories and Adventures" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle states his physic experiences as follows:

I have clasped materialized hands.

I have held long conversations with the direct voice.

I have smelt the peculiar ozone-like smell of ectoplasm.

I have listened to prophecies which were quickly fulfilled.

I have seen the "dead" glimmer upon a photographic plate which no hand but mine had touched.

I have received through the hand of my own wife notebooks full of information which was utterly beyond her ken.

I have seen heavy articles swimming in the air, untouched by human hands, and obeying directions given to unseen operators.

I have seen spirits walk around the room in fair light and join in the talk of the company.

I have known an untrained woman, possessed by an artist spirit, to produce rapidly a picture, now hanging in my drawing-room, which few living painters could have bettered.

I have read books which might have come from great thinkers and scholars and which were actually written by unlettered men who acted as the medium of the unseen intelligence, so superior to his own.

I have heard singing beyond earthly power, and whistling done with no pause for the intake of breath.

I have seen objects from a distance projected into a room with closed door and windows.

Suppose all these experiences are true. What real merits have they? Why are the spirit manifestations so utterly useless and foolish? As Prof. Huxley has sanely observed:

Supposing the phenomena to be genuine—they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category.

APPLES AND INSANITY

Georgia, the native land of the highly cultured Ku Kluxers, has two things of which she is rightly proud, according to the *Atlanta Constitution*:

Georgia produces enough fine apples each year for every man, woman and child in the State to have two bushels.

Georgia's sanitarium for the insane has had for the past year every bed occupied and many waiting to be taken in.

MARVELLOUS!

In Los Angeles, Cal., there's a religious institute called the Pisgah Home which prides itself on the number and variety of its "Miracles." Here's one of them:

I want to tell about how wonderfully a cow was healed in answer to prayer. She was heavy with calf and had fallen into a ditch and laid there two days before we found her. After this, she wandered off down the creek and was there five days and nights. When found, we pulled her out with a wire cable, and as she was unable to stand, had to swing her up. While she was hanging there supported by the tackle, Brother Cheek came along and laid hands on her and asked God to heal her. The next morning she was gone, tackle and all, and when I found her, she turned and chased me up a tree.

A FLOWING BLESSING

The Greencastle (Indiana) *Daily Banner* carries this description of an inspiring religious ceremony:

When Mrs. Etta Hewins, president of the W. C. T. U., swung an ax on a seized whiskey still, the members of the society sang, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow!"

INVOCATION

Catholics have their Saints to whose intercession they rightly commend themselves. It seems that some Californians believe in the intercession of George Washington, if we are to judge from this inscription over a movie house in Los Angeles:

You cannot speak to us,
O George Washington,
But you can speak to God:
Ask him to make us
Good American citizens.

WHISTLE!

We read this to a non-Catholic minister, who thought it almost incredible. It is an illustration of the vulgarity of certain form of Protestantism. The Rev. F. H. Rice, of the Liberal Church, Denver, Colo., notes to manufacturers of a soft drink called Whistle:

In this day of Prohibition you have heard of many churches that have supplanted the communion wine with grape juice but we claim to be the first to use Whistle for the very important service.

At 11 A. M. last Sunday morning every member of the Liberal church partook of Whistle at the Lord's Supper and during the ceremony five large Whistle signs and three linen banners were prominently displayed.

The purity, quality, and general excellence of your beverage well justify its being used in such a manner and we think that many others will follow our example.

Education may be a weapon of tremendous potency, but not of necessity for good. The effect of education, as of a surgeon's knife, depends entirely upon the way it is used.—P. W. Wilson in *The Literary Review*.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



The Little Rules of the Crucifix

Dost thou on a journey speed,
Pause and kiss the feet that bleed—
Feet that fared so far for thee
Ere they nailed them to the Tree—
Bruised feet that yet kept pace
With the sinner fleeing grace.
Kiss My feet, then go thy way;
Danger shall not near thee stray.

Ere thy hands assume their task,
Of these hands a blessing ask—
Hands that spurned not nail and rule—
Cunning hands with Joseph's tool.
Bid My hands, outstretched to bless,
Handy make thy handiness.

When thy mind herself applies
To the things that make men wise,
Pause and kiss My thorn-covered brow,
And thou shalt have wits enow
For the little lore of men,
And for things that angels ken.

When at morn or close of day
Thou wouldest set thyself to pray,
That thy lips may learn their art,
Humbly kiss this Sacred Heart;
Then again, more humbly yet,
Heart to heart in converse sweet.

—Enid Dinnis.

In this poem Miss Dinnis inspires us with an ardent devotion to the Five Wounds of our Lord. To practise this devotion regularly we might have in our possession, beside our crucifix, the little rosary of the Five Wounds. The Five Wound beads are richly indulged. The formula of prayers is brief and simple. There are five medals, impressed with the Wounds, each followed by five beads. On each medal a Hail Mary is recited and on each bead, Glory be to the Father etc.

The Hermit's Triumph

By MARY DODGE TEN EYCK

A line of uneasiness creased the serene brow of Telemachus, the hermit. His blue eyes roved about his little hut. In one corner was a bed of

straw; a stool and a crude table completed its furnishings. There were no windows in the hut, so Telemachus hastily rose from his knees and sought the sunlight of the forest. The worry in his mind had become insistent.

The hermit stretched his arms as though lovingly to embrace the friendly forest. In the midst of it, in his rude hut, Telemachus had lived for many a year. He was happy, as are these anchorites of God. His food consisted of some fruits and the vegetables he grew. No meat had passed his lips from youth. The habit he wore was little better than rags. He was a man of penance, with God and the wild things of nature his only companions.

A penitent came to him one day in the forest, bringing news of Rome. Glorious days reigned in the Imperial City. General Constantine, disengaged in his losing battle with the Goths, saw a cross in the high heavens and read the words, "In this Sign conquer!"

Constantine then became the first Christian Emperor and peace settled on the Church of Christ. Martyrs were no longer dying in the mighty Coliseum, the prisons were emptied of innocent victims. But games as of old were renewed in the amphitheatre. Gladiators fought one another and streams of blood ran to satisfy the cruel pleasure of the Romans.

Whenever, albeit rarely, Telemachus took thought of the world, he had shuddered at the horrible sport of his fellowmen. One idea possessed him, that he might abolish forever this abomination. For days he struggled against this inner voice. At last, in desperation, he journeyed through the forest to ask advice of another anchorite, who urged him on, and Telemachus decided, "I can do all things in Him who comforts me!"

He went back to his hut, repaired his habit, took his staff and a little food and journeyed to Rome.

At the city gates people looked at the poor hermit in amazement. They wondered if he might be crazy, or perhaps be an oracle of the pagan gods.

THE SIGN

Certainly he made a strange appearance. Some laughed, while others judged him a student and respected those quiet, thoughtful features.

He had arrived in time; for games were called that day at the Coliseum. He trudged his way through the city. His ears rang with the unaccustomed noise. He dodged in and out among chariots. Soldiers and senators pushed him aside. His eyes ached at the sunshine on the marble palaces. Rome was so strange yet so familiar to him. He easily found his way to the Coliseum.

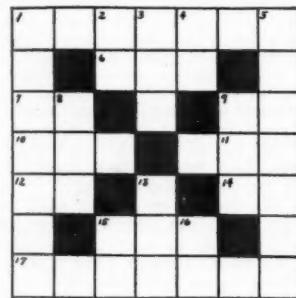
Little by little the crowd gathered, senators, patricians, the poor people and, at the last moment, the Emperor and his court. From the arena could be heard the roars of the wild animals. Telemachus bowed his head. His spirit was wrapt in prayer. He shuddered when he saw stains of blood in the arena. But as the trumpets sent out their blasts and four gladiators came rushing into the arena, he straightened up, his eyes shining. The gladiators strutted about apparently fearless and sure of victory. Spectators applauded and the Coliseum rang with excitement. The fighters playfully brandished wooden swords at one another until finally the glint of steel weapons appeared. The real business of bloodshed then started, and a great roar of enthusiasm rose from the onlookers.

Suddenly Telemachus bounded across the benches, and, with one quick vault over the iron railing, he landed in the arena. Before the astonished multitude could understand, he rushed among the gladiators. With powerful hands he thrust them apart. Thirsting for cruelty, for human lives, for the entertainment of Satan, the people and gladiators turned as one against this unarmed hermit. Kneeling quickly in the arena, blessed by blood of martyrs, Telemachus offered his life to God, that for all ages such barbarity would cease in the Coliseum.

Hisses, screams, hoots were followed by stones, seats—anything the mob could reach to throw at him. In a few moments the holy hermit had become the last martyr of the Coliseum.

Telemachus was triumphant. Rome suddenly turned against these atrocious sports while Christians urged the change with prayers and pleadings. The Emperor issued an edict forbidding their renewal under the severest penalties. After a few attempts to revive these sanguinary scenes the Coliseum now harbored only the shameful memory of them. Its past of heart-sick tragedies and glorious martyrdoms was over. Blood of saints sanctifies the Coliseum while Telemachus secured its sacredness for all time. He entered into on eternity of joy, a holocaust accepted.

It seems that cross word puzzles have supplanted Mah Jong in popularity. Time is more profitably spent over the word puzzles because as a result of the persistent search for words you become familiar with many new ones and you are all the while adding to your ready vocabulary both for composition and conversation. Daddy submits a cross word puzzle to the keen Juniors this month and would be pleased to have them send in their solutions to him at THE SIGN address.



Horizontal

- 1 Mountain near Jerusalem
- 6 A cereal
- 7 Possession
- 9 Alternate
- 10 Darling
- 11 Wet earth
- 12 Over
- 14 Abbrev. quantity of paper
- 15 Suffix: fulness
- 17 Extent of ground

- 1 Behave
- 2 See!
- 3 A kettle
- 4 Near
- 5 Railroad employee
- 8 Japanese coin
- 9 Possession
- 13 Peltry
- 15 Else
- 16 Abbrev. A continent

AN EXAMINATION IN THE BIBLE

However bright 139 students of a certain State University were in other branches, they made a very poor showing at an examination in biblical knowledge according to Professor Squires writing in *The Journal of Education*. Our Juniors of the advanced grades might read what we quote from the professor's report and consider whether they would have fared better in the same examination.

In answer to the eight questions asked, only 8½ per cent. reached an average of 75 per cent.; the average for all being only 40 per cent. Seven per cent. of the students were unable to name a book of the Old Testament, and not one half of their number could give ten books of the New Testament. Their spelling was interesting—for example, Deuterotomy, Goshua, Salm, Joob, Jobe. "Hezekiah" was named by fourteen as one of the books of Moses. Old Testament books were: "Paul," "Timothy," "Titus," "Philistines" and "Xerxes." As to the New Testament, twelve were unable to mention a single book. "Samuel" was put into the New Testament by five students. Three gave "Simon"; two "Jacob." Mention was made of "Thelesian," "Philippi," "Thomas," "Lazarus" and "Samson Agonistes."



A Fight for the Faith - - - Missionary and Prisoner - - - Gemma's League

A Fight for the Faith

By Father Constantine Leech, C. P.

THE letters from the missionaries give us many curious glimpses of Chinese life. They show us what a task the Fathers have taken on their shoulders to learn the customs of the country as strange as its language and to instill into the minds and hearts of the people the divine truths of the Catholic Faith. In the following letter from Yung-shunfu, Father Constantine describes an incident which reveals the difficulties in the way of their work and how they must contend against pagan traditions and idolatrous rites of the people. He writes:

A short time ago, a man came to the Mission very early in the morning to get a priest to visit a sick woman at one of the stations. After some questioning, I found out that the woman had died before he came. She had committed suicide by eating opium. Under the circumstances, it was useless for a priest to go to her home. However, he declared the family was very anxious for the Sen Fu to come to prevent superstition. This brings us to one of the unfortunate conditions now existing in China.

When a man marries, he brings his wife to the home of his parents. All the boys of the household do the same thing and thus form one big family. When the girls marry, they must leave the parental roof and join the families of their husbands. In this way it is more or less common to find whole villages of relations and of the same name. The girl is compelled in all things to conform to the family she enters. As for religion it is taken for granted, she must do as the other members of the house. Because of this custom, we are obliged to exercise special care about the baptism of girls before they are married.

In the case about which I am writing the girl had been a pagan and married into a Christian family. She had been baptized, but all her relations remained pagans. When they heard of her death, they came in a body to the village where she had lived. Thus the two families were brought together, one Christian, the other pagan. The pagans declared that the Christians had murdered the woman. They also asserted that the prayers of the Christians were no good, and they wanted to hold their pagan rites but none of the Christians would allow them. In their trouble, they sent for the priest.

I arrived at the village towards evening. When the Christians saw me, they crowded around and ex-

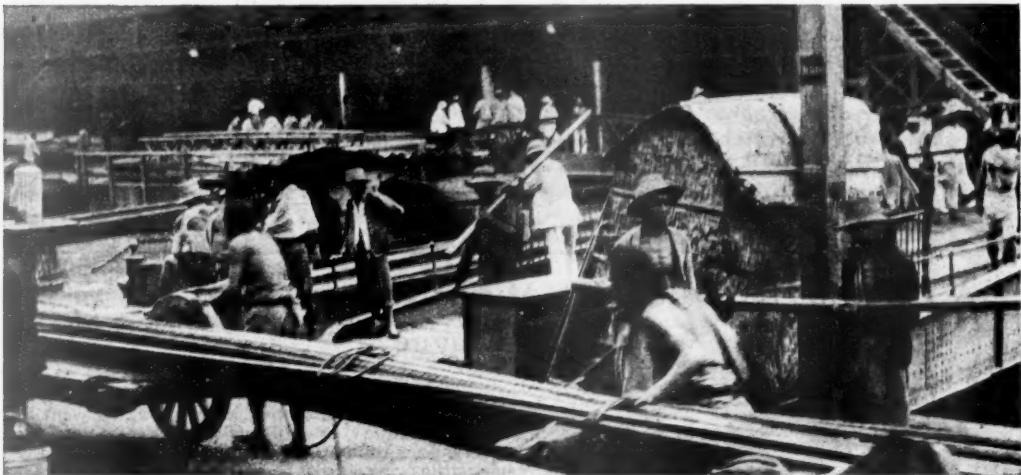
pressed their fear that the woman's pagan relatives would insist on holding their incantations. I went to the house and saw that all was well. Everything was quiet and no attempt had been made to introduce any superstitious practices. On returning home I saw a number of moving lights on the mountain road, and my boy told me they were probably more of the woman's relatives coming to the house. Twice during the night the Christians came saying they feared the pagans would perform their rites. They were afraid the woman's relatives would break furniture and dishes if they could not bury her as a pagan. They also feared the funeral would be stopped by them on the following day. To a certain extent their fears were turned into facts. The next morning I saw broken dishes scattered around the coffin, and there were other signs of a scuffle among the men of the family.

The funeral presented a scene typical of present day China, the Christians opposed by the pagans. On one side of the coffin were Christians chanting their prayers; on the other side stood a larger group of sullen men watching every move and simply waiting for a leader to incite them to violence. When the time came to start, the pagans rushed forward and tried to prevent it being moved. When I asked them why they did this, they replied that they had not received the piece of white cloth for their heads which it is customary to wear on such an occasion. The father of the girl should have supplied this sign of mourning and he did so, but these people demanded another one. They were not content with one, but wanted two. This dispute being settled, the funeral started on its way.

A Chinese coffin is very heavy. It is usually made of thick logs formed into a box. It took eight men to carry this one. It was a rainy wet muddy day. The road was slippery and more than once I feared the men would let the coffin fall into the mud. They looked upon it as part of a day's work. The way they were laughing and joking and pushing each other, it seemed to them to be a huge joke. Every now and then they gave out that peculiar cry which the Chinese make when they ask the wind to be favorable. When I attempted to stop them, they told me they had to do it to keep away the evil spirits.

Slowly step by step, we climbed the side of the mountain. When I inquired where the grave was to be, they pointed out a place where one could hardly walk, much less carry a coffin. After slipping in the mud a few times, I managed to reach the spot and

THE "MOVIES" OR THE CHINESE MISSIONS: WHICH DO YOU SUPPORT MOST?



SHANGHAI DOCK LIFE—A LITTLE ACTION AFTER THE PRESIDENT WILSON BERTHED IN ON AUGUST 12.

then waited for the funeral. I had a good long wait. They would come to a steep narrow place and try to pass with the coffin and find out they could not make it. After many attempts of this kind, and much talk, which Chinese never omit, they abandoned the road and crossed over the rice fields. This meant that they were in mud and water up to their knees. At times the coffin was almost in the water.

After some time, with others pushing, pulling, shouting, laughing, the funeral procession finally reached the place for the grave. It was only then they started to dig the grave. While the digging went on, some of the mourners sprawled out on the grass and went to sleep. Others sought opium from old plants in a nearby field, and amused themselves as well as they could. Before the grave was finished, I noticed a procession moving along the side of the mountain and thought it was another funeral. The men and women had the white band around their heads. But it was the relatives of the woman that was being buried. They did not come to the grave but had remained behind to eat, and some thought to do more fighting. They were now on their way home, and all hearts, including the Sen Fu, felt lighter to see them go.

After hurrying them as best I could, the grave was ready about noon. She was then moved to her last resting place, and the Christians chanted more prayers for the departed. I started as soon as possible my return to Yungshunfu. As I half walked and half slipped down the mountain side, I thought of the immense work that must be done in China.

Brother Lambert is doing wonderful work in Sin Si Pin. The Chapel, House, and school are practically ready for the missionary to reside there. Father Agatho and myself are getting along nicely at Yungshunfu. Every day brings new difficulties and new reasons for encouragement. It is a good thing we have hope for better conditions, and that the day will come when we will have many fervent tactical Catholics in our mission. Often we see our helplessness to advance, but we feel certain that the prayers and good works offered for us and for the conversion

of these people will in God's own time accomplish all we desire. We wish to assure our good benefactors of our gratitude for the help they are giving us, and that we remember them daily in our Masses and prayers.

Missionary and Prisoner By Father Kevin Murray, C. P.

IN this letter Father Kevin gives us some information about the recent floods, of the activity of the bandits, and his usual delightful notes of the life and labors of a missionary at Kienyang.

During May, June, and July, it rained every day. The people say it has been the rainiest season they have seen in ten years. The river has swollen in some places to such a degree that many houses along the banks were swept away by it. Several lives were lost only yesterday. Many are on the constant watch for drift wood or whatever they can find floating along the river. In order to get things they venture out in frail boats that are easily overturned or carried along by the swift current. So much rain may prove disastrous to the rice crops, and if so we can look forward to another famine in Hunan. The Mandarin recently ordered a public fast to placate the gods, to stop the rain and floods. These public fasts are quite frequent. During such times no one is allowed to kill an animal or to sell any meat.

All the beauty of this territory is not from within but without the walls. No boulevards with fine trees or flowery shrubbery adorn the great city of Kienyang. Its streets are numerous and short and seem to run wherever they can find an opening between houses. There are very few trees within the walls of the city. Near the north gate there is a giant that must be a thousand years old. It would remind you of the monster trees in California. Even on the surrounding hills and mountains there are very few trees. The natives are constantly cutting them down and selling them for firewood in the town.

About fifteen miles to the north of Kienyang is a coal mine. The coal is not mined very much, due

FILL A MITE BOX NOW FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE MISSIONARIES.

to the implements used, and modern machinery has not yet reached this part of the country. The lime quarries are more numerous. This is taken extensively, as there is great demand for lime in the construction of houses. Some years ago a few grains of gold were discovered on the river bank below the Mission. Lovers of the glittering metal dug a deep furrow along the shore, that can still be seen, but no more gold was ever found.

It would please me beyond measure to take long walks out in the country once in a while, but no one dares to leave the walls of the town. My Catechist told me recently that the bandits are resorting to painful forms of torturing their victims. He remarked that the poor people had to endure intense suffering without any merit for eternity. "If they were suffering for God," he said, "or for their sins, but they know nothing of God!" They suffer like mere animals.

Some of the tortures inflicted by the bandits are steel pins or sharp pieces of wood forced under the finger nails, or to tie the poor victim by the thumbs and keeping him hanging in this way in mid air. There is no chance for me to get strung up in this manner, for my Catechist keeps a watchful eye on me, and will not let me trespass the danger points. On one of my walks around the town, I proposed to go outside the walls for a greater stretch, a real walk, but he said to me: "Don't go out, Sen Fu. The bandits are out there ready to take you prisoner, or to run a knife through you." Realizing no risks can be taken with those villains, I have to remain within these peaceful walls of the town.

A Birthday Feast

In a former letter I mentioned the fact that my Christians were very anxious to find out my birthday. They found it out all right and provided a nice Chinese Party. According to custom, my Christians brought me all kinds of gifts. It seemed to me, that as long

as the bandits do not allow the gifts of my American friends to pass, the Lord Himself sends me these good people to give me courage and happiness. On the day before my birthday, they marched into the Mission setting off many fireworks and carrying two immense trays. On these trays were two hundred eggs, seven live chickens, a large fish, two slices of beef, seven pounds of sugar, six pairs of slippers, six cans of cigarettes, and four cans of condensed milk.

You see now how these Christians take good care of me. I can not and do not make the least complaint. This confinement to one town is not so bad when you have such friends around you. It was out of the question to consume two hundred eggs. The greater part of them would be spoiled, so I distributed them among the poorer of my little flock. Some to whom I offered the gifts refused to accept, saying: "No, No, Sen Fu, they are your gifts and we want you to have them." Anyhow I finally disposed of some of the eggs, and felt relieved that I did not have to bury them only to be excavated perhaps centuries later as historic "Dinasour Eggs."

At last, the "Irish Spud" is coming to adorn the gardens of China. I was stunned recently when my cook came to me with a handful of real honest-to-goodness potatoes. I exclaimed: "Where did you get them? Have they got any more of them? How much did they cost?" "They have only a few," he replied. "Well," I said, "go out immediately and buy everyone of them." Now for a few days I can realize home was never like this before. The farmer, whoever he was, failed to realize his crop would be appreciated so much. I am told that potatoes are grown in very few places in China. May the future bring greater results and stimulate a poor missionary to greater work with a vision of genuine "Irish Spuds."

Barber and Chiropractor

What an experience awaits the new missionaries,



MR. LO IN WHITE. MISSIONARY ON EXTREME LEFT IS FATHER FAUSTUS, SPANISH AUGUSTINIAN. READERS OF "THE SIGN" ALREADY KNOW SOMETHING OF MR. LO'S SPLENDID LIFE AND WORK.

DO YOU FEAR FAMINE AND FLOODS? HELP MISSIONARIES WHO ENDURE THEM.

THINK OF DEPARTED FRIENDS IN YOUR PRAYERS AND ALMS FOR CHINA.



FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

Leader of Fourth Band of Passionist Missionaries to China. The Sister of Charity is a former Austrian Countess who has been a missionary in China for the past 30 years! What an example and inspiration!

when they venture to patronize a Chinese tonsorial establishment! My first experience, and my last one, now dates back over eighteen months, but I seen the same picture so frequently here in Kienyang that the details are worth repeating at least for the benefit of those who might wish to have the same experience.

To begin with, my description is not of a barber shop in one of the large cities of China. They are equal to any in the States. But we are nearly a thousand miles from the coast, and that makes a considerable difference in all manner of progress. Here in Hunan we have two classes of barbers. One has a shop, a permanent place for his work; the other goes about the streets like a peddler and performs his services wherever he gets a customer.

Now for the operation. The Chinese barber performs a twofold office. He not only trims but he tortures. He does the work of any barber and then becomes a chiropractor. First of all, a large cloth is thrown over the person to protect the clothes from shorn hair. The cloth used in my experience apparently did not come from yesterday's wash. It looked as if it had seen water many months previously. What kind of psychology is connected with a barber's chair is hard to explain. Some patrons have a tendency to drowsiness. Perhaps they are loosing strength as they are shorn of hair. Anyhow my experience was the reverse; I was very much alert as to what was coming next. However, as the operation had commenced, I simply had to close my eyes to the tools used and stay on the job till the end. The scissors would hardly cut paper, and the comb must have dated back to the Ming dynasty. A home-made razor, resembling a butter knife, was used for shaving the head. Men, children, and babies always have their head shaved in this civilized country. The

tools are crude, but somehow they do the work, even though it does cost a few squeaks and cuts.

After as much attention as possible has been given to the top of the head, the Chinese barber attends to the eye brows, the nose, and the ears. He removes everything that in his judgment should not be there. These services close the major operation, and minor operations immediately follow.

Should the patient or victim be asleep, he is quickly aroused by a sudden jerk of the arm or foot. The barber becomes a chiropractor. He wants to make you feel like a new man, and, willing or unwilling, he takes you through a "daily dozen" as fast as he can go. He works the arms and feet back and forth, pulling them and pounding them. When he thinks he has had enough fun with you, he goes back to the head again and to the neck and the spinal column, and finally pulls your leg again not for an extra coin but as finishing stroke of his work.

It was certainly a great experience to go through, and once was enough for me. Never again! How much does the operation cost? The usual price is fifteen cents, but sometimes it is less. You will think it cheap, but the performance is worth more than fifteen cents to see, if not experienced.



SISTER SUPERIOR OF MARYKNOLL IN LOS ANGELES With two Japanese children. The charity of the Maryknoll Society to our Passionist Missionaries will never be forgotten by them.

WRITE FOR A DIME BANK. IT MEANS SUPPORT WHERE IT IS MOST NEEDED.

SAVE THE SOULS OF CHINAMEN AND MAKE Surer YOUR OWN SALVATION.

A Missionary's Dreams

The story of Father Matthias, entitled "If" in the April number of The Sign, has a plurality of "Ifs" in my dreams. For a long time while living in a rented house, I often thought if the landlord would only be reasonable and not ask so much for his property. If he would forget for a while that all Americans are millionaires; if he knew that the priests can not command as much money as the Protestant missionaries. If all the money we are supposed to have were a reality, we would have had a church, a school, our own home, long ago, and in the most suitable place in the city. If the original builders of Kienyang had only made it a larger town, then I would have some chance to get a better place. If I receive any more abandoned infants or baby girls, I will have to send them to benefactors for better treatment, because the place here is too small, too cramped for all of us. If I could only speak the language more fluently, I would try to make these parents have a heart and take care of their children and not shirk responsibility. I have many more "ifs," but I will leave them to friends to turn into the realities for me.

It is with the greatest interest I read of the efforts of our friends and benefactors to help us here in China. Would that I could greet them all in person, especially the Little Missionaries, and tell them the great good their prayers and sacrifices are accomplishing for the souls of these people.

When The Sign arrives, my Christians are always anxious to get a look at the pictures. Of course they make countless inquiries. When I tell them how the Catholics in America are helping us, how the boys and girls in my own land support the missionaries in the Field, how they pray for the Chinese people and give the missionary means to buy rice and clothes and medicine for the poor, they brighten up and speak gratefully of the good people in America. "You must not forget to pray for them," I say, "that God may reward them with blessings. Perhaps they will come over here some day and labor for your souls and your eternal happiness just as I am trying to do now."

An observant Christian once remarked: "How chubby American children are!" In comparison with

themselves, I agreed with him. However I find many attractive features in the children of China. It would be happiness indeed to send some of these boys and girls to the schools in America. But they are already introduced there in some sense, because of the truly laudable service Americans are doing for our missions by their prayers, their good works, their generous gifts, their many donations. May God bless each one of them.

The Mission Crucifix has not yet arrived, because no doubt as long as the bandits hold the roads to the town, nothing will be forwarded to us. I wish to thank all my benefactors who made it possible for me to obtain it. I have already told the Christians that the Crucifix is on the way. Its silent outstretched form will speak more clearly and more efficaciously to these poor souls than any words of mine. Furthermore, you can be certain the Divine Missionary will bless your efforts to spread the knowledge and love of His Sacred Passion and Death in this pagan land.

My lady Catechist recently visited some people whom she thought might be willing to study doctrine and to become Christians. Some of them expressed a great fear of the Missionary. She said to them: "Don't be afraid of the Sen Fu. He loves your souls. He wants to make you happy for eternity. You know the Sen Fu has no other work to do except to explain doctrine and help you to love God and to save your souls." She encouraged them, so that a few days after her visit they came to the Mission and asked me if they could study doctrine.

A lady over fifty years of age, whom I baptised some time ago, recently said to me: "Sen Fu, I believe everything the Catholic Church teaches, but there is a whole lot of doctrine I do not understand." I replied: "Indeed, there is a whole lot of doctrine I don't understand. You know none of us will understand all the mysteries of God while here on earth. When we get to heaven, then we will know God Himself and see all things." This lady was unable to study during the day, and prepared for the Holy Sacrament of Baptism by studying every night near a flickering oil lamp.



THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE PASSAGE OF THEIR BELONGINGS THROUGH THE SHANGHAI CUSTOMS, AUGUST 12.

OFFER CHARITY AND ZEAL FOR CHINA IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED RELATIVES.

MISSIONARIES NEED PRAYERS AND ALMS. YOU NEED THEIR BLESSINGS.

The New Compound

Quite a few incidents happened since my last letter, but the most important and most interesting was the purchase of a house and property for the Mission. After months of patient waiting, I finally had to give up the idea of buying the place I had used and rented since arriving in Kienyang.

Though the place is thickly populated, Kienyang is a two by four town. Desirable sites are few, and it was extremely difficult to find a suitable spot for the Mission. In my anxiety God came to my aid. The owner of a large piece of property across the street from my present quarters was anxious to sell his place for some time. Last year he thought there was a possibility of the Catholic Church buying it, but his price was exorbitant. In order to win my good will, he asked me to allow his two daughters to study in the school and he promised to study also. But I knew the man's life. There was no chance of him conforming to the Church's requirements, since he was a confirmed opium smoker and possessed as many as twenty wives.

The two girls remained only a short time in the school. They left through no fault of their own, since the elder of the two expressed her desire to become a Catholic and declared she loved the practices and customs of the Catholic Church. Notwithstanding her good will, she had to return home with her sister, perhaps with an idea of her future lot. Her father's wealth had dwindled down on account of his constant use of opium and the big money offered for an extra wife.

The man's elder daughter was home a short time when the news spread abroad that her father had made arrangements to marry her to the Commander of a large garrison of soldiers in Kienyang. His motive was not the high standing of the man, but simply to get a good price, and to be able to continue his vice of opium smoking. Later on I learned that he received about \$250. for this deal.

A month ago, this man heard that I was still looking for another place. He made a secret visit to the house of my agent, whom I had instructed to keep watch for a good sale. He told my man that he wanted to sell his property immediately in order to get money to pay some debts. His price was considerably lower than a year ago, but still it was not what I wished to pay for it. When I learned about the affair, I sent word to him that if he came anywhere near the price I was willing to give, I would buy his house and property at once. After much discussion among the members of the family, his mother, a confirmed opium smoker like himself, persuaded him that my price was not too low and that he should sell to the Catholic Church at once.

Negotiations were carried on by my Catechist. He drew up a rough draft of the deed to be agreed to by the landlord. It was a splendid document. What the Catechist did not include in the sale of the property was not worth talking about. When the time came, I had the landlord read the document, and told him that unless he agreed to every detail written

in it, the Catholic Church would not consider the sale. As he read along he objected to almost everything: "This does not suit me. I do not like to do that. I can never agree to that part."

The Catechist answered all objections with this one remarked: "The Sen Fu said you must agree to everything, or the sale will be called off." He was apparently annoyed by the completeness of the deed. His mother however urged him to agree to everything and accept the price offered, for they needed the money and they knew no other party would purchase the place at that time. With regret he consented to make the sale according to the terms of the document.

What a burden fell from my shoulders when I could say at last that the Catholic Church in Kienyang owned its own property and could now look forward to better days! My greatest happiness in the purchase of this property is the thought that I will be able to have the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel as soon as I can move into the place. Life at times has been all but unbearable, but with the Sacramental Presence everything will be different and brighter at all times.

The new compound measures 140 feet in depth and is 95 feet wide. It is completely surrounded by four high walls. A large compartment used by the former owner as a family temple for idolatrous worship will soon be renovated and made a Catholic Church.

When I proposed to send carpenters into this pagan chapel, the former owner begged me to wait for a while. "It would be irreverent to his deity," he said, "if they commenced work before the idol was removed." The Catechist explained to me that the owner would call in a Bonze priest to perform pagan rites and find out the most favorable time for moving the idol. The Catechist continued: "You know, Sen Fu, when we want to know the Will of God, we have recourse to fervent prayer. The pagans when they want a favor call on the devil through the medium of their Bonzes. The darkness and superstition of paganism as manifested in the practices of the Chinese will require more than mere education to dispel and destroy it. Unless the Divine Light penetrates their hearts, their lives will continue as their ancestors in the idolatrous worship of the infernal gods.

Gemma's League

During September the following prayers and good works were offered for the Missions in China.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	11	17,231
Masses heard	11,324	11,675
Holy Communions	8,489	5,451,491
Visits to Blessed		
Sacrament	49,191	78,275
Spiritual Communions	75,544	22,756
Beneficence Services	3,146	54,278
Sacrifices, Sufferings	220,134	220,723
Visits to the Crucifix	5,235	946,697
Offerings of the	66,402	Various Good Works
Precious Blood	555,915	85,501

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers of good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

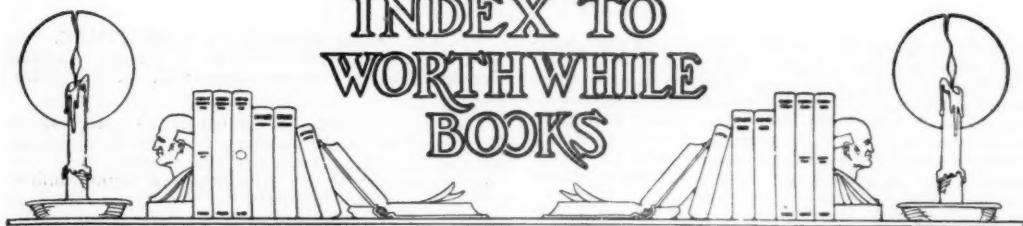
REV. THOMAS COMERFORD
REV. JAMES CAULEY

REV. JOHN HEALY
REV. FRANCIS SHEEHAN
MARGARET A. MULHERAN
MRS. F. McGUIRE
JOSEPH ROTH
N. EGGLETON
JOHN CONLON
RAYMOND F. HALL
MRS. ANNA TONE
THOS. F. McGOVERN

A. SCHNEIDER
MRS. SCHNEIDER
MRS. T. M. BEHA
MRS. CHAS. FINNIGAN
MARY JORDAN
MICHAEL JORDAN
CATHERINE SALLEY
TIMOTHY DONNELLY
JOHN BRENNAN

JOHN KERIN
CATHERINE ALLEN
JOHN L. WALLACE
MAY their souls and
the souls of all the
faithful departed, through
the mercy of God, rest
in peace. Amen.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

A COMMENTARY ON THE RULE OF ST. BENEDICT. By Rt. Rev. Paul Delatte, O. S. B., Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$5.65.

This new commentary on the Rule of St. Benedict is written by the Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, Abbot of Solesmes and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Benedictines of France. It is translated by Dom Justin McCann, an English Benedictine of Ampleforth. As the title implies, this work is a running commentary on the Rule of St. Benedict. The text of the Rule is given in Latin and in English, and then follows the commentary, the whole purpose and content of which is practical and spiritual, rather than theoretic or erudite.

The Rule of St. Benedict was written about the middle of the sixth century. It is not entirely original. St. Benedict had too much wisdom to discard the spiritual teachings of the Fathers, or the monastic traditions of his predecessors. But while these teachings and traditions form the foundation on which St. Benedict worked, and often much of the superstructure, yet it is to this greatest of monastic legislators that is due the wonderful order, discretion and simplicity of the Rule. It is the most practical and sublime expression of the monastic ideal. And who can measure the influence of that Rule during almost fourteen centuries of existence? Much of its history is as romantic as a tale of chivalry.

This Rule of St. Benedict may be well denominated catholic. It is catholic in spirit and in influence. It seems to rise naturally from the very life of the Church. That is why it is of universal interest; and any work which helps to make it more accessible to the general reader is at all times welcome. Abbot Delatte's work is of just such a kind.

It gives a thorough and practical knowledge of the Benedictine life. It is not a cold and theoretic commentary on an historic work, nor a technical and erudite discussion on variant texts, but an intimate revelation of the actual working of the Rule in the development of the spiritual life. While adhering closely to objective facts, and to the traditional exposition and application of the Rule, the author injects into his work a strong personal element. This gives the work a wider and deeper appeal than it would otherwise have.

St. Benedict intended his Rule to be a school of the Lord's service, "Dominici schola servitii." It has evidently been so to the author of this Commentary. He displays throughout a profound knowledge of the spiritual life, and of the manner of dealing with souls. Besides, there is always evidence of deep knowledge of theology as well as of broad and finished culture. It is a work of that solid and practical type which we have come to expect from the Benedictine tradition of learning.

If at times we feel that some of the points discussed have little practical value at the present day, there are always ample compensations. One of these compensations is the chapter entitled, "Of the Divine Office at Night." It is a beautiful, even sublime description of the liturgy and of its place in the

worship of God and in the Benedictine life. We cannot give anything like an adequate idea of the beauty of this passage without quoting it in full; and it is too long to be given here. We give only a few of the concluding sentences of exhortation which are remarkably apropos for the present time.—"What if the world does not understand this work of prayer and does not appreciate its purpose, except it be from an aesthetic standpoint? And yet how few are affected by the real and supernatural beauty of the rites of the Church or the sacred chant! We shall never be tempted so to reduce our life that the world may comprehend it; for our life is what God and St. Benedict and our own free act have made it. Discord from the world is a principle of ours as old as the Gospel and as old as our Rule.—If the world does not understand the life contemplatives, then why does it single them out for its persecutions? Because the hatred of Him who inspires the world is more clear-sighted. Besides irreligion, there is the vague religious sentiment of so many Christians, and in a period of feverish activity and utilitarianism an almost universal misunderstanding of the function of prayer. "Ch. VIII. "Of the Divine Office at Night."

This Commentary was originally an exposition of the Rule given in the Novitiate of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes. It reproduces in an abridged form conferences introductory to the monastic life. Hence the practical nature of the work, also the direct and familiar style, which is often brightened by the genial humor of the author.

All in all, the work is a relief from the ephemeral spiritual literature of the day. It is destined to last. We cannot recommend it too highly, for both religious and lay readers. It is very well adapted for reading in common in religious communities. Its price, \$5.65 may seem rather high. But in view of an inevitably small circulation and of the permanent, intrinsic merit of the work, it is well worth the price. Besides, it is a large and beautifully bound volume. We highly commend the publishers for getting out a work of this kind.—R. G.

CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST. By David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston. Price: \$2.00.

This book is written by two converts to the Faith. The motive behind its publication is gratitude to God for the gift of Faith, and a desire to give to outsiders a straight look at the Catholic Church.

The book records the origin of the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston and the public-street speaking campaign made from coast to coast by the authors to make known the claims of the Catholic Church on the intelligent citizenry of the country.

To Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Avery belongs the credit of having introduced the open-air method of Catholic propaganda. That this method should do great good, there can be no doubt; that we should be ashamed or afraid to use it is indicative of our cowardice. As the authors rightly remark:

"Why should not Catholics who believe they alone

THE \dagger SIGN

have the truth, go out and proclaim it from the house-tops? Mayhap, God will give them grace to save souls? There are millions of our countrymen who have never heard a layman tell the reasons for his adherence to the Church, and there are many more who have never entered a Catholic church. Should Catholics flatter the vulgar notion that they are indeed a people apart—alien to America? Should Catholics agree that the others alone are at home in the home of their fathers, and that it is no concern of ours if our street pulpits are filled by those who flout God to His face and flaunt the red flag? Shall these millions more sinned against than sinning, who have for generation after generation been lead to believe that it is accident of birth, mere superstition, priest-craft, that holds Catholics to their faith, not have the facts in the case told to them? They have not the remotest idea of the reasonableness of the Rock upon which the Church is built nor of the perfect logic of her dogmatic structure."

We sincerely hope that this book may have a wide sale and that the reading of it may inspire others to emulate Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Avery in the very noble and very successful work they are doing.—N. M. L.

GREAT SAINTS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. Mary's Meadow Press. Price: 2sh.

A child's booklet suitable for all seasons but one especially that will give spiritual tone if found among his Christmas gifts. The format is in the usual nursery style. There are blank pages on which to paste a picture of the Saint of whom some characteristic is commemorated on the opposite page in simple verse such as this on St. Teresa:

When I journey through Spain, let me travel
with you
On that wonderful path you trod:
The rougher the road and the steeper the hill,—
Well, the more you exclaimed, "THANK
GOD!"

The author reminds mothers that if they believe in the companionship of the Saints, their children will do so also. The old nursery tales concerning the exploits of pussy-cats and cows merely amused Baby; such verses as these amuse and edify.—T. N.

ALMANACS. The twenty-second issue of St. Anthony's Almanac continues to improve with each successive issue. In the present issue, containing 96 pages, is to be found a large and varied and appetizing mental menu. Its monthly Calendar and Annals are particularly instructive. Published by the Franciscan Fathers, St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. Price: \$0.25.—The **Manna Almanac** is published by the Society of the Divine Savior at St. Nazianz, Wis. Price: \$0.20. It is intended for children especially, but will easily hold the attention of grown-ups. Its 96 pages are beautifully printed and embellished with attractive illustrations. We believe it to be the best children's almanac gotten out.

THE NEW MISSAL for Every Day. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$2.70 & up.

This volume contains a complete Missal in English and a Book of Prayer. Its chief purpose is the very healthy one of trying to bring our Catholic people into closer contact with the Mass through the intelligent use of the Missal. We hope the day will come when the publishers will be able to get out the English Missal in parts that will admit of easier reading and handling.

VICARS AND PREFECTS APOSTOLIC. By Rev. Francis Joseph Winslow, J. C. D. Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y. Price: \$1.75.

This is a dissertation submitted to the Catholic University in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the doctorate. In it the author gives us a very clear exposition of the privileges and responsibilities of those selected auxiliaries of the Pope, known as Vicars and Prefects Apostolic. To our clerical readers we commend this treatise for the clear-cut fashion in which the author presents his subject matter.—R.V.P.

RELIGION: FOURTH COURSE. By Roderick MacEachen, D. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Teachers' Edition.

Dr. MacEachen deserves the gratitude of our teaching Communities for the efforts he is making to help them in their teaching of religion. His method is quite different from that usually followed, and it will be rather difficult to convince all teachers that his method is the best. Some will rightly object that while his explanations are very extensive, they are not quite so illuminating as the Baltimore catechism. Others will notice an inexact use of terms. And others, again, will observe that many words and phrases are beyond the mental reach of the boys and girls to whom they are addressed. But in spite of all criticism, the book must prove provocative and stimulating to the intelligent teacher of religion.—J. R. R.

SUMMARY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE for Congregations of Sisters. By D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. Price: \$0.35.

In this pamphlet the author presents to Religious twenty-one very brief chapters on the theory and practice of the Religious Life. It seems to us that no religious community could possibly be without more substantial treatises than this, treating of the same subjects. The pamphlet might serve the purpose of enlightening young women who contemplate entering the Religious State as to the means of Christian perfection.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. The Stratford Co., Boston, Mass. Price: \$2.00.

Perhaps the best known of our American Catholic writers is the author of this volume. Dr. Walsh is preeminently a Defender of the Faith. To its defense and spread he has devoted his versatile gifts of pen and speech. In this volume he continues the work begun and carried out in such books as "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries" and "The Popes and Science." His thesis is that since its foundation the Catholic Church has consistently stood for all that is best in human life. It has been a source of constant inspiration to architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and the arts and crafts generally.

The fourteen chapters of the book are singularly enlightening and interesting. Besides the chapters on the Church's relations to the fine arts, there are chapters on Education, Female Education, Science, Philosophy and Ethics. The last chapter, on "The Life of the Spirit," concludes with these illuminating words: "The mystical life, the life of the spirit in its highest sense which He [Christ] introduced and which meant so much in early Christianity still lives and still is powerful to work wonders in the mind and the body, but the only place that it is to be found is within the bounds of the Catholic Church."

Election Time

THE CANDIDATES

CONSIDER the candidates in the field. Time, attention, and service are given to men seeking a temporary position in the government of the country. Why not do as much for the missionaries in China and for the people entrusted to their care? They are striving for a permanent place in God's kingdom, and you can help them.

THE PLATFORM

THE best policy is to labor for true honor and happiness and for a life without end. The changeable, uncertain, limited views, proposed by political parties to remedy evils and to promote the prosperity of the people, can not be compared to the divine truths taught by the missionaries to secure peace and each man's eternal welfare. In the Chinese campaign, the platform is "We preach Christ and Him crucified."

THE VOTES

STRENUOUS efforts are made to get votes. Every one counts. In a similar way, missionaries are deeply interested in every little help that can be given them. Some people can easily build a church, a school, an orphanage. Some can only

contribute to the building of such places, or to the sick, the needy, the homeless children of China. In some measure, great or small, the success of the Chinese Mission depends on you.

THE ELECTED

THE lucky winner of the most votes always regards the election as a success. Even his opponents express their congratulations and good wishes. Such however is the spirit among the missionaries in China that in favoring one all are pleased, and everyone rejoices to see the different missions increasing in the number of converts and the Catholic Church becoming more and more a living reality among the Chinese people.

COMPLETE RETURNS

THE election is finished when every district has been heard from and every vote has been counted. The Chinese Missions will not be finished until every man, woman, and child, has learned that God loves them, that Jesus suffered and died for them, and that they have souls to save. In the missionary's point of view, complete returns will be given by God to all their friends and benefactors in a better sense than election results, for He will reward them for eternity.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Heb. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: Holy Souls, \$14.00; St. Louise, \$5.00; St. Joanna, \$10.00.
CALIF.: Los Altos, M. M. B., \$10.00; Los Angeles, B. M. C. \$2.50; S. M. L., \$2.50; Pasadena, L. M. F., \$10.00.
CANADA: Montreal, K. C. M., \$1.00.
ENGLAND: London, E. A. S., \$2.50.
ILL.: Chicago, J. B. S., \$10.00; G. J. O., \$25.00; M. C. Y., \$1.00; J. L. T., \$0.50; Friend, \$5.00; M. R., \$11.00; Kankakee, S. R., \$5.00.
KANS.: Parsons, M. J., \$5.10.
MASS.: Boston, W. J. D., \$5.00; Brighton, A. R. B., \$5.00; Lawrence, W. F. F., \$2.00; Roxbury, C. S., \$13.80; K. M. D., \$5.00.
MD.: Baltimore, M. G. J., \$10.00; M. H., \$5.85.
MICH.: Alpena, F. S. D., \$5.00.
MO.: Jennings, L. S., \$2.50; St. Louis, M. S., \$100.00; Friend, \$3.00; A. R. D., \$30.00.
N. J.: Atlantic City, J. H. M., \$5.00; Belleville, A. F. \$1.00; A. M. F., \$2.00; Edgewater, M. E. D., \$5.00; Elizabeth, J. M. T.

\$10.00; H. D., \$1.00; D. F., \$3.00; Harrison, A. T., \$4.90; Hoboken, M. M., \$5.00; J. M., \$5.00; J. F., \$10.00; J. B., \$20.00; Jersey City, M. B., \$2.00; M. E. S., \$100.00; P. G., \$2.00; M. A. P., \$2.00; M. D. M., \$5.00; Anon., \$2.00; C. M. \$1.00; B. O. M., \$1.00; D. D., \$1.00; M. M. G., \$1.00; M. G., \$5.00; P. W. S., \$100.00; J. B., \$10.00; M. H., \$4.20; Maywood, J. W. H., \$5.00; Morristown, J. L., \$5.00; Newark, D. W., \$20.00; F. C., \$2.00; W. K., \$3.00; I. L. S., \$5.00; M. S., \$10.00; Roselle, S. I. W., \$5.00; M. V. W., \$5.00; Secaucus, A. E., \$2.00; South Orange, C. P., \$1.00; Union Hill, Anon., \$5.00; Weehawken, M. N. \$5.00; M. H., \$4.50; West Hoboken, W. H., \$5.00; M. V. S., \$1.72; J. N., \$1.17; Anon., \$5.00; M. K., \$5.00; Anon., \$5.00; Anon., \$2.00; Anon., \$10.00; M. K., \$5.00; Anon., \$5.00; Anon., \$2.00; Anon., \$10.00; West New York, A. M., \$3.00.
N. Y.: Brooklyn, M. F., \$5.00; W. S., \$1.00; H. M. M., \$5.00; M. M. G., \$5.00; J. J. F., \$5.20; K. M. L., \$10.00; Buffalo, H. S. M. D., \$5.00; M. S. M., \$5.00; A. P. V., \$2.00; Dunkirk, B. J. S., \$5.10; Elmhurst, L. E. S., \$5.10; R. C., \$1.00; New York

City, A. J. H., \$3.00; M. A. L., \$10.00; M. F. L., \$5.00; N. C., \$3.00; M. A. S., \$5.00; M. C. B., \$5.00; G. J., \$3.00; M. H., \$1.00; M. O. B., \$3.00; M. M., \$5.00; M. E. F., \$13.18; L. P. F., \$1.00; J. J. K., \$2.00; E. B., \$1.00; Rosebank, E. F. H., \$5.00; Schenectady, M. P., \$1.00; West Brighton, A. T., \$2.00; Yonkers, Anon., \$2.00.
PA.: Bristol, C. F. B., \$5.00; Dormont, C. J. S., \$3.00; Norristown, E. C., \$1.00; K. M., \$1.00; L. M. B., \$2.50; Philadelphia, S. M. J., \$13.25; M. K., \$5.00; H. T. \$2.00; F. D., \$20.00; R. E. W., \$15.00; Pittsburgh, A. D., \$10.00; S. M. R., \$7.00; M. G., \$5.00; M. D., \$5.00; M. B., \$10.00; M. M., \$5.00; M. H., \$1.00; R. R., \$3.00; B. M. L., \$4.80; A. W., \$2.00; J. M. M., \$1.00; M. M., \$5.00; B. W., \$1.00; Scranton, C. V., \$5.00; A. C. D., \$2.00; C. M. H., \$10.00.
OHIO: Cincinnati, A. H., \$5.00; M. C., \$10.00; C. L., \$5.00; M. L., \$5.20; M. M. G., \$1.74; Anon., \$4.00; Anon., \$5.00; M. L., \$2.00; M. G., \$1.00; Anon., \$1.00.
R. I.: Providence, C. J. G., \$5.00; M. B., \$5.00.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling."

(3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDoubtedly, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of, THE SIGN
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity.....	\$162.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$195.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$165.00
St. Michael.....	\$140.00
St. Joseph.....	\$160.00
St. Patrick.....	\$135.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$140.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$155.00
Little Flower.....	\$128.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$5,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$335.00

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them

you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box
Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time)	294,900.00
Bills Purchased	957,676.47
Banking House	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures	1.00
Cash on Hand	161,971.78
Due from Banks	137,360.82
Accrued Interest	30,333.01
	\$4,584,049.41

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	153,776.76
Deposits	4,130,272.65
	\$4,584,049.41

Trust Funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

**BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED**

All business entrusted to us will receive prompt and accurate attention

**OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED**

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

**CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED**

**"THE LIFE OF CHRIST"
IN TEXT AND PICTURES**

Text By

REV. HERBERT McDEVITT, C. P.

*Picture from plastic models by
DOMENICO MASTROIENNI*

We venture to say that this is the most beautiful popular Life of Christ in the English language. The book measures 7 x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It contains 85 full page pictures printed by the rubber off-set process in two colors. The Text is largely a redaction of the words of the Gospel.

The price is only \$1.50, postage included.

Just drop a line saying, "Send me a copy of The Life of Christ."— You can send the money when you get the book.

Address

THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

What's That?

Torrid Heat : Intense Cold : Periodic Famine : Recurring Plague : Devil Worship : Rampant Vice—THAT'S CHINA!

Banditry Let Loose : Widespread Poverty : Profound Ignorance : Disease Prevalent : Degraded Woman : Abandoned Babies—THAT'S HUNAN!

Twenty-two Millions of Humans : Stoical yet Sociable : Physically Strong but Morally Weak : Very Simple and Very Lovable—THAT'S THE PEOPLE!

Raising the Poppies that Curse Them : Cultivating the Rice that Scarcely Nourishes Them : Hardly Any Manufacturing—THAT'S THEIR INDUSTRY!

Young in Years : With Undaunted Courage and With No Thought of Self : Ambitious To Do Big Things for Christ and To Save the Souls of the People—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARY!

Some Forty Huts : Some Five Small Houses : A Few Chapels : One Church, One School, One Orphanage—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS!

There are Twenty-six Passionist Missionaries Devoted to the Conversion of Hunan, China. To Build Churches and Chapels, Schools and Orphanages, Hospitals and Asylums—THAT'S THEIR PROGRAM!

To Feed the Poor and to Clothe Them : To Care for the Sick and Dying : To Rescue Enslaved Women : To Mother Abandoned Babies : To Make Jesus Christ Known and Loved—THAT'S THEIR PLEA!

To Answer Their Plea and To Assist in Their Great Work—THAT'S YOUR HIGH PRIVILEGE!

Please Address Your Answer to

PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

Care of THE SIGN

West Hoboken, New Jersey

